

tendrils and clustering fruitage, rendered it a chief and charming print in the water view. The high banks to the north-east, shelving down to the river, suddenly broadened into a spacious beach with fixtures complete for hauling the seine; and here on a large tabular rock, sacred to the annual banquet, and lying beneath the willows, whose long, wreathy branches swept the stream, the first fruits of the shad season were, according to immemorial usage, broiled and eaten, even if it chanced that the successful cast of the nets, summoned the lord of the manor from his midnight rest to honor the festival observance. As cool and sequestered as a grotto, yet within sight and hearing of the lively stir and hum always within and about a mill-house; the islet was the favourite haunt of all "true brethren of the angle"—and as such enticed the dainty steps of the lady-pedestrians, not to share but to spoil the unsocial spot. At sundown, all preparations being there made for what was esteemed the most obnoxious of regales, the scattered groups met at the cow-pen to drink cyphers warm from the cow; then succeeded a sumptuous supper, as many as fifty dishes being often displayed on the board,—after which the old people sat down to cards, and the younger inmates closed the evening with a merry dance.

Nor did the females of the party dispense with those experiments of a private and bewitching nature invariably practised on occasions like the present. Prompted by the inquisitive impulse of womankind, they were apt to steal away from the public gambols, and betake themselves to the performance of those lighter modifications of superstitious rites, a belief in which constituted one of the characteristic traits of the age. The interpretation of dreams then composed a science as honourable and approved as in the time of Joseph; witches and goblins were universally recognized as infesting the land; signs and prognostics carefully compared and explained; and in a word, the system of demonology was complete. Much of this strain of ideal terrors, was, perhaps, derived, in the first instance, from the negro menials, who, coming of a race besotted with strange imaginations of sorcerers, spectres, and all the absurd imagery of their African creed, and hardly daring to stir out singly after dark, dealt in the most marvellous narratives of omens and apparitions; at any rate, their wild outpourings to the ear of infancy and youth, tended greatly to nourish the visionary turn of mind so general and so infectious. Few at the remote period herein commemorated, had the hardihood to dissent from an article of faith so firmly established as the tenet of spiritual interference in human affairs; and in the country especially, positive scepticism on a subject deemed so awful and so veritable, seldom occurred. The contagion pervaded even the highest orders of society, who, though not absolutely acquiescing in the doctrine of ghostly agency, were far from inwardly despising its mysteries, even when they affected to test them out of pure fun. In this way there rarely happened a gathering of young persons, particularly if the more credulous sex predominated, the individuals whereof failed to try their fortune by

some of the minor ceremonies, similar to the Scottish observances of Halloween.

The propensity to dabble in these spells, something too serious, as they were supposed, for jest, moved most of the fair guests at Buck Island, who, without, however, admitting their male attendants to a knowledge of what was held as sacred as the worship of the Bona Dea, had each one essayed her peculiar charm, and been rewarded for the patience and daring, that wound the ball, or eat the apple, or underwent St. Agnes's fast by a glimpse of her destined partner in the airy semblance of some distinguished beau of the day.

These auguries, received sometimes as matter of sport, but oftener in grave and prophetic earnest, served to create no small mirth among the giddy girls, who ventured on an appeal so solemn; but Fanny, laughing to scorn the whole ritual of incantations, had as yet stooped to meddle with none of them. Doubly shielded by the lack of that dangerous attribute, a high and excitable imagination, and by a bolder spirit than belongs to her sex, having been infused in her by her father, a resolute contemner of all superstitions, Miss Bland placed no faith in the idle hallucinations infatuating those around her: still in the bottom of her heart, and despite all the arguments of her better sense, there lurked a secret and portentous dread of tempting by any ordeal a stern revelation of the will of fate. Swayed by this latent and nameless premonition, no less than by the strong disbelief of principle and reason, she long resisted the taunts and ridicule of her gay companions, who stigmatized her forbearance as cowardice. If the lovely heiress piqued herself upon aught, it was on her freedom from that womanly weakness; all doubts, and scruples yielded to her solicitude to vindicate herself from such a reproach; a reproach that borrowed some semblance of truth from her pertinacity in declining the test, by which her accusers had all evinced their more than Amazonian intrepidity.

The most potent and dangerous spell consisted in "eating the dumb cake,"—and this the "Bland beauty," as her visitors styled her, made choice of, with a view to signalize her superiority of courage. The rite required to be performed alone, at midnight, in her own sleeping chamber, which, according to the arrangement of every country house in Virginia, opened within that of her parents, through which the sole access lay. Here in spite of her natural and acquired bravery, our young heroine felt her heart beat violently, as she went through the preparatory ceremonial, which concluded by donning the mystic garment, that, with one sleeve dripping from its immersion in the vessel filled at the haunted spot, where three streams met, was to be hung ready for the dexterous turn, by which the incorporeal visitant was to manifest his presence: this done she retired to bed to await the important, perhaps perilous, issue. Awe-struck, and trembling in every limb, the fair appellant of supernatural power, yet looked and listened in an intensity of excessive, but not alarmed, expectation. All around lay hushed in a stillness as if of death; none of the nocturnal sounds, common about a rustic abode, disturbed a silence

soon beginning to be felt as portentously oppressive: no lowing of cattle—no cackling of fowls—no voices or whistle of belated labourers was heard to invade the deep tranquility of the night. Even the very whip-poor-wills, that, from dusk to dawn, were wont to clamour so dolefully and incessantly in the surrounding woods, forbore to utter one solitary cry. Within doors every sound had long since died away; the revellers, lately so flush with the life and noise of enjoyment, were all lulled to profound repose,—and not a murmur rose to break the intolerable stillness, save the piping of the tempestuous autumnal wind, as it rustled and moaned among the boughs of the huge walnut trees standing in the yard, and howled loudly and fiercely about the windows and chimneys of the house. At length the great clock in the hall striking twelve, announced the witching hour of the night—that hour, when she was to behold, as in a glass, the primary personage and event of after life. The deep knell fell with a hollow and ominous sound on Fanny's ear, rendered nervously acute by keen attention; but she fixed a steady and sharpened gaze on the spot, where her matrimonial fortune was to be figured forth in the phantom—double of the future spouse. Now, for the first time, was the secret inclination of her heart unveiled to her, as the image and the name of George Meredith came on her fancy and her lips as the one dearest to her on earth, and whose bride alone she wished to be. Raising herself on her elbow, and putting back her clustering curls that fell over her heavenly brow, she strained each sense of sight and hearing to the uttermost. The last stroke slowly echoed through the spacious building, when a faint groan was uttered near her, and the shadow of an outline, dim and undefined, crossed her aching vision, at the far end of the room; the fitful flashes, darting upward from the hearth, gleamed on something broad and bright which was thrice waved on high, and sheathed in the ample vesture, intended as the object of a greeting far different. The shapeless shadow vanished—the flames burnt low and pale—and all again was vacancy and silence. Instinctively the fair searcher into the mysteries of futurity, shrunk back, and shrouded herself beneath the covered; awhile she lay breathless and with eyes shut, the words of prayer and holy adoration faltering on her tongue. But Fanny was bold beyond her sex and years; re-assured by the perfect stillness that reigned around, she ventured, by degrees, to uncover her head; the high wind had sunk into a dead calm—and she heard only the big rain drops pattering heavily against the window panes. Slowly and fearfully, she unclosed those large blue orbs, outsparking the sapphire's blaze; they encountered nothing, in her hasty glance around the wide old chamber, but each well-known piece of furniture, and the chair conspicuously placed before the fire, and sustaining the vesture of showy lawn, which had received, and yet bore the elfin token. The influence of that principle, which woman is said to have inherited from the remotest antiquity, roused her to instant resolution; she wrapped herself in a long dressing gown, that lay ready on the bed,—and in a tremor of rising hopes and fears, stole

on tip-toe across the floor, starting and holding in her breath, as the planks creaked under her light tread. As she seized and shook the linen with an agitated grasp, something fell from its folds, and rang like metal on the ground; eagerly she stooped to pick up what her haste had displaced, and shuddering with terror at the ill portent before her, had well nigh dropped it again. It was, as one quick look sufficed to show, an antique dagger of extraordinary size, and crested with heraldic devices. Relinquishing her hold of it, Miss Bland sunk into a seat, unable to obey her first impulse of flying into the next apartment, and arousing her parents. But this moment of terror over, she restrained herself, from the fear of provoking the endless railery of those, whose credulity she had so derided. After a short interval, and summoning all her courage to her aid, she lifted the weapon, fore-showing to her startled fancy, a fatal doom, and going to a chest of drawers, deposited and locked it in one of them. Then again seeking, and scarcely able to attain her couch, she betook herself to fervent orisons; and thus endeavouring to banish the thrill of horror, that pondered on an omen so appalling, she continued by turns, to tremble and to pray. So passed the weary hours of that memorable night.

The sun was just rising as Miss Bland started from a heavy slumber, and strove to shake off the panic of the preceding night, which still impressed her like a fearful dream. She sat up in bed, and tried to collect her scattered senses, disordered by such a paroxysm of fright and remorse as Scott describes in one, who had invoked the somewhat similar oracle of the Taghairm. Little by little, however, these painful sensations passed away,—and her mind, cheered by the soothing influence of the "sweet hour of prime," gradually regained its usual firmness of tone. The empurpled east glowed with the kindling beams of rosy morn; the air was redolent of sweet scents, and pleasant sounds; and all nature seemed to awaken sedately glad beneath the mild, attempered ray of the autumnal sun. Examined under the broad light of day, and by one, whose constitutional deficiency in the disturbing quality of an ardent imagination, rendered her little obnoxious to the phantasms of superstition,—the hideous visions of her past vigil, resolved themselves into air, and she could but wonder at her own weakness in being thus wrought on by what she now rationally construed into the vague illusion of uneasy sleep. Suddenly a new apprehension assailed her; recollecting that she still retained tangible proof of the reality of the scene, the trembling beauty ran to seek the dagger, which, sleeping or waking, she had so carefully laid away. Shivering with nervous trepidation, she unlocked the drawer, that held it, and sought it long and heedfully—but in vain. The magic steel had disappeared like the unearthly hand that wielded it; and Fanny, a fresh load of doubt and dread removed from her breast, fell on her knees, and in a spirit most humbly and contritely grateful, proceeded to offer up her maternal devotions. These over, and her tumultuous state of feelings subsiding into a holy calm, she suffered her attendant, Phillis, of whose presence she now became

severe, to dress her. This girl, labouring like most of her colour, under a violence of curiosity, that established, beyond a question, her desires, then from mother Eve, had eyed the motions of her young mistress as intently as the latter watched those of the ill-omened spirit. Like all ladies' maids, a sort of confidant, Phillis had assisted about the previous arrangements of the householders' midnight emprise,—and now stood hovering with impatience to hear the particulars of an adventure, to her simple ken no less daring than Ulysses' descent to the infernal regions might have seemed to his warrior-train. Miss Bland however, appearing in no hurry to open the conversation, Phillis, relying on her general good nature and consideration, took upon herself to commence it, most volubly huddling questions upon questions, and one exclamation on the back of another. But her lady, instead of gratifying her flippant inquisitiveness, commanded her to silence in accents so unwonted and authoritative that poor Phillis, utterly astounded, seized the first opportunity of retreating to the kitchen with the news that "Miss Fanny was certainly bewitched by the hob-goblins that had been to have carried her off during the night."

Hardly was one quarter dismissed, ere Miss Bland found herself obliged to contend with a host of them; being broken in upon by an intrusion of her lively young friends, all wild for an account of the occurrences of the night. Fanny, overwhelmed by the torrent of interrogatories, had no chance to put in a word till the whole party entered Lady Bland's chamber. Here all were respectfully silent before their elders; and after the usual embraces, exchanged between the parents and daughter, Fanny answered the anxious behest of Sir Rezin, and the anxious inquiries of her mother by a full relation of the events that beset what she termed her wilful wicked watch. Her juvenile auditors listened in breathless credence and dismay; Lady Bland, as weakly superstitious as any old Highland or Guiana negress, turned deadly pale at the mention of a token so terrific; and their joint speculations and incoherent expressions of joy and alarm, had well nigh frightened the object of their concern into fits. Luckily, the worthy knight, above such vulgar prejudices, was allowed to counteract their preposterous, but altogether conclusions. Calling his "sweet Fanny" to him, he warned her tenderly, yet with the serene air of one, enlightened by reason and philosophy, against the folly—say, sin, of suffering herself to be disgusted by the mere terror of a disagreeable but empty dream. His discourse, though not without effect in encouraging the benevolent visionary, was but coldly received by the prepossessed minds of his other hearers, who adjourned to the breakfast-room, faintly persuaded of the truth of the insinuations they,—and looking on the carved heifers as a being denounced and doomed.

The like gloomy forebodings, too, made a deep impression on the kind and elegant mistress of the mansion; but her wiser husband, trusting in the strength of his arguments, and Fanny's good sense to second them, had other and more important matters in his head. Designing a temporary removal to Williamsburg, he had given

orders to have his town-house got in readiness for the immediate reception of the family. Unpleasant as such an interview would prove on several accounts, he still conceived some explanation due to his ward, of whose character the guardian had not been idly unobservant. Their guests were to leave them on the following day; Sir Rezin, therefore, summoned Meredith to his study, and affected to consult him confidentially, touching the prospects of his darling daughter. He neither felt nor expressed displeasure at the natural consequence of the young man's association with his lovely cousin; being sure that, by addressing him on a strain of appeal to his honor, he could at once, (and not otherwise) carry his point. The fond yet ambitious father dwelt on his great expectations for his unrivalled heiress,—dilecting on her beauty, her many accomplishments, her warm and unoccupied heart,—and on the brilliant match, which, in virtue of such rare endowment, he reckoned on her speedily contracting. Observing how few, delicately circumstanced as George had been, would have come out of the furnace unscathed, he complimented him on those strict principles of integrity, that had so well stood the test, to which he had ventured to subject them from parental anxiety to secure a brother for the sole girl, to whom Heaven had denied one; and with a mixture of dignity and energy, thanked his auditor, speeches from excess of interest, for having seemed to abuse the trust reposed in him by himself and Lady Bland: he ended by saying that George would, no doubt, coincide with him in thinking his education such as to qualify him for the place already engaged in the counting-house of an eminent importer of Bremen, on James River, where it would be the special care of his protector to accelerate his admission into a partnership in the establishment. Sir Rezin had intended to give his *prole* the advantages of a course at William and Mary; but that was now out of the question. He was about to take his daughter to town in order that the gaieties of the Metropolis and the sedentious of numerous loaves might wear out a childish partiality from her heart: hence it would never do to keep the person who had made the dangerous impression perpetually at her elbow. "I trust the foreign unworldlies were open to young Meredith; but the prudent father cared not to increase the native attractions of his dependant, by imparting to them the polish inseparable from a residence abroad. It became requisite, therefore, to provide for the final settlement of him, who had been so unfortunately, for its peace, introduced into the domestic circle of the Blands; and though with a severe pang to his generous feelings, Sir Rezin resolved to crush, at once, the high hopes, which his patronage had fostered, by transferring the humble relative of his wife, to a situation, eligible indeed, but infinitely below that, to which he had been, heretofore, taught to aspire.

Conscience-stricken and sensible of having transgressed the spirit, if not the letter of his benefactor's confidence in him, Meredith listened without reply or disclamation till Sir Rezin ceased to speak. Even then he could, with difficulty, find words to declare his gratitude, and to sig-

nify his compliance, in all things, with the wishes of his more than parent. But the few unconnected sentences, which his agitation allowed him to stammer forth, the penetrating knight adroitly eked out, and answered in terms of satisfaction and approval. He finished the conference by presenting George with a draft of some amount on his merchant at Richmond, assured him of his constant favor and assistance, and in case of his own death, recommended, in earnest and pathetic phrase, Lady Bland and his adopted sister to his dutiful and brotherly regard. The youth would fain have refused the pecuniary evidence of Sir Rezin's approbation; but the latter, good-humouredly commanding his young friend to pocket it, walked out of the apartment, after laying the check on the table before him.

The next morning beheld Buck Island consigned to even more than pristine quiet and monotony; the company being all gone—Meredith engaged in preparing for his sudden and permanent change of abode—and the Lady Bland by turns absorbed in maternal anxieties and melancholy presentiments, which last she had, however, self-command enough to keep to herself. Never had Fanny seen her beloved home, wear an aspect so totally desolate. She had looked forward with fond certainty to the departure of their visitors as the epoch, whence to date the renewal of happiness and the old friendship between herself and her cousin; but, to her exceeding surprise and sorrow, he, far from responding to her timed advances, shunned her more sedulously than ever. Some days passed by in this way; the desheartened girl drooping under a repulse as unexpected as it appeared unkind, and permitting her thoughts to brood continually over the apprehension of a destiny evil beyond that menaced by the pressage so disastrous, and perchance, too true. Sir Rezin was not slow to note the alteration in her looks and manner, which he ascribed in part to the real cause; for while her ladyship held it impious to slight or defy a supernatural warning, even when conveyed through the medium of a dream, and concluded her daughter to be naturally affected by the unlucky import of hers,—the more rational father, by no means suspected his idol, fortified as her mind was by his precept and example, of such disgraceful apostasy from their mutual creed as the lending herself to the dominion of vagaries so wild and weakening. Neither would he, for an instant, allow a possibility still more degrading, to wit: that the descendant of the ancient and haughty house of Bland, renowned since the reign of *Cœur de Lion*, could so far forget her illustrious lineage, as to degenerate into a love-sick mourner over the loss of an inferior, though meritorious favourite: he rather supposed her given up to the *craze*, always arising from over-excitement, and in the present instance, heightened by the prospect of indefinite and irksome seclusion. But however much the proud couple differed as to the origin, they perfectly agreed in a remedy for the disease; neither purposing such ill policy as to let their beauty pine away her youth in solitude. Their idea of spending the approaching winter in Williamsburg, had been casually can-

vassed among the gay party just dispersed; so that Miss Bland was no stranger to the plan. Still it was with a fresh thrill of pleasure that she heard Sir Rezin, in answer to her playful complaints of the dull and lonesome villa, proclaim his design of setting off, without delay, for town, in order to be in time for the entry of Lord Botetourt, with whom he had been particularly intimate in England. But poor Fanny's delight at this intelligence, immediately sustained a severe shock; its main source being destroyed by a few simple words from her father, which, when, with a return of her former ingenuousness, she openly rejoiced that her cousin George would thus continue with them, unfolded the arrangement, whereby, instead of repairing to College, he was to go, for good and all, in another direction. Notwithstanding her strenuous efforts to suppress them, the astonished maiden's tears began to flow in a profusion that happily saved her from swooning or suffocation; and starting up in an agony of grief and shame, she flew out of the room to vent her feelings in the privacy of her own sleeping bower. Sir Rezin and Lady Bland observed and too well understood the expressive avowal of those silent drops; but each had pre-determined to be wilfully blind to all demonstrations of an attachment, which they considered it as their bounden duty to disallow.

Meanwhile, like a disembodied spirit haunting the scenes of earthly bliss, George Meredith wandered about the groves and glades of Buck Island. The late conversation with his patron had been of power to harrow up his very soul—and to excruciate him with the torments of the damned: the loftiest and the tenderest impulses of his nature had been alike wounded by parts of it. For hours afterwards his mind was a chaos of distraction and despair; and when partially restored to a state of sane and dispassionate judgment, its alternations of high and tranquillizing resolve, of wild despondency, and resentful rage, aptly exemplified that tale of the royal board, daily bespread with dainties, fit for the gods, yet to be wasted and polluted by the ravages of the insatiate Harpies. At one moment, his heart, melting with a grateful sense of the parental kindness, the delicate observance hitherto treating him as a son and equal, became soothed and exalted into a sublime and delicious composure by a firm determination to persevere in the stern course, prescribed as the fiery ordeal of his desert: even the ecstasies of happy love excelled not the elevating, though transient glow, enkindled by these heroic musings. Then the bitter conviction of his complete and implied dependence, of his presumption so covertly rebuked, of the unworthy contrast of his extrinsic inferiority to her, who was still his kinswoman—and till now his companion, darkened his soul like the overshadowing wings of the foul mythological monsters, and swallowing up each ennobling and consolatory emotion, left it filled with the confusion and fury of madness. But it was not for one, upright, rational and clear sighted as was Meredith, long to persist in this fierce and uncandid mood. After the first pang of mortified pride had abated, he could not but own the truth and justice of the offensive innuendoes, administered, as they were,

in the guise of commendation. He felt and acknowledged the generosity of Sir Resin's conduct, and his own slender claims to so much goodness; a goodness, which, in place of punishing, or even reproving his amorous folly, had exercised the most considerate indulgence of its weakness. He was conscious that his patron had probed the secret of his breast—that the confession of his rash passion, otherwise demanded of him by honour, was thereby rendered useless, if not supererogatory. He knew that he was trusted—and must prove himself trust-worthy. The path of duty and virtue, though thorny and dismal, lay straight before him, and he solemnly swore to tread it with a steady and unreceding step. But the unhappy young man soon discovered that it was one thing to bind himself in his solitary meditations, by such a vow—and another to adhere to it, when hourly tempted to its violation, by the angel figure of her he adored, hovering around him, all smiles and tender complaisance. He found, to his cost, that

"Few can hold a fire in hand,

"By thought upon the frosty Caucasus,"—

and that his only safety was to be sought in flight: so, on the fourth day after the explanation between himself and the knightly proprietor of Buck Island, he left the home of his childhood, the paradise of his youth, the anticipated asylum of his maturer years, to seek his fortune among strangers and superiors.

The charming being, for loving whom he was now an exile, sustained by her displeasure at George's marked avoidance, no less than by her desire to efface all remembrance of her unseasonable and excessive burst of sorrow, behaved herself like a heroine, when in his general leaving-taking of the family after supper, on saying "good-night" for the last time, he kissed and bade "God bless her!" But for weeks and months the plaintive tenderness of those parting accents thrilled on her ear, rendering her in-sensible to all other vows and protestations, even though sanctified by that authority, which she revered as the mandate of the Deity. Long before day-break, Meredith was gone,—leaving Fanny with every faculty of head and heart benumbed by the bereavement.

But Sir Resin to the quick to see the object of his paternal dotage, fading away from her glow of sprightly beauty into a pale and moping shadow of her former self. Judging nothing else necessary to renovate her bloom and gaiety, but a translation into the splendid sphere of a mimic court, he abridged the period of their continuance in the country; and in an incredibly short space, the inhabitants of Buck Island found themselves on the road to the seat of government. Many a backward look did the pensive Fanny cast on her birth-place; where, much as she had lately longed to escape from its (to her) storied apartments and walks, she now felt as if she could linger forever. The mansion-house, overtopped by the ascending amphitheatre of blue mountains, was long visible to the fond gaze, that dwelt on it as on the face of a valued friend, seen for the last time; its environs, despoiled of their foliage and verdure, and saddened by the gray mists of an early November morn-

ing, impressed the melancholy fancy of the fair hypochondriac as emblematical of her own decline; and with many a long-drawn sigh, she passed through scenery so familiar and so consonant with the strain of feeling, which made her internally exclaim,

"My May of life

"Has fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf."

But ere they had proceeded many miles, the excitement of motion, and the novelty to one so little locomotive, of objects common to every rural transit, produced the hoped-for effect on a young and vivacious mind; and the parents, who lived but in their child, congratulated themselves on the judicious measure taken in this journey, as they viewed the tender colour stealing over Fanny's cheek, already dimpled with something like one of her wonted smiles.

It being a prime object with Sir Resin to get to town early enough to attend his noble friend in his ceremonial reception by the House of Burgesses, the travellers pressed on with all the speed possible, to six blooded black horses, with flowing manes and tails, imported from the mother-country along with the carriage, coachman and postillions,—and drawing the whole distance of two hundred miles, a *coachee*, heavy with carving and moulding, and capacious as a moderate sized dwelling. But the anxious courtier found himself doomed to some portion of the disappointment, which, through his agency, embittered the lot of others; being attacked by a sudden and violent fit of the gout, at the house of a patrician friend, appointed as one of their stopping places in King and Queen County, for persons of distinction rarely tried the accommodations of the paltry inns along the road side. The philosophic knight, who carried his theory of patience into practice, endured the delay and his physical tortures with an equanimity worthy of Epictetus; but it was no slight trial to her ladyship, that in lieu of witnessing the grand procession arrayed around the state coach, which, with its glittering trappings, gilded wheels, and eight milk-white steeds in rich caparisons, enshrined the dazzling figure of Lord Botetourt, shining like a gemmed image, in his suit of gold tissue and white satin, and chapeau buttoned with a loop of diamonds, which precious decorations blazed on other parts of his dress,—she was forced to put up with a mere second-hand description of the glories of the scene. Fanny, like a young girl, unused to splendid ceremonies, had longed at first to see the show; but her thoughts were wholly occupied by her father and his sufferings from the spasmodic twinges of his complaint. After a fortnight's confinement, Sir Resin became rapidly convalescent—and the party soon resumed their route in good health and spirits. Miss Bland, though her mind was far from at ease, struggled earnestly, and not unsuccessfully, against her sorrow and her love. Nothing so much contributed to re-establish her serenity, as the ungrateful and capricious neglect, with which she imagined herself repaid by him, to whom she had surrendered the treasury of her pure and ardent affections. Every emotion of feminine pride and delicacy roused to resentment by Meredith's studied coldness, she determined to tear the remembrance of that

thankless cousin from her bosom, if the effort cost her her life's best blood; but she had been so long accustomed to love and cherish him, first as a brother, and then as a friend, his idea was so closely and indissolubly interwoven with every thought and memory of her past existence, that hitherto the attempt had seemed like halving her heart. But she was now thrown into a new world, where the allurements of pleasure, the sighs of other wooers, and the adulation of society might triumphantly contend with a secret and unrequited partiality.

The Blands reached Williamsburg in safety, and were welcomed by crowds of friends and parasites. The richest and loveliest heiress in Virginia had only to show herself to be adored; and her arrival was celebrated in prose and verse by the wits of the town as dividing public attention with the *entrées* of the new Governor. But conscious as was the young beauty of her surpassing charms, she yet trembled to encounter general notice in a fashionable assembly—to undergo the searching gaze of the many, the supercilious criticism of the fastidious few—the false yet flattering eulogy so often derisive of the object it pretends to deify. She panted for applause, yet dreaded to be mocked or condemned: nor were her fears altogether groundless. In those days, when the "Ancient Dominion" was irradiated with a galaxy of female loveliness, from the resplendent Byrd "to the pretty Miss Fountain" (designated by that epithet as the chief of three Sister-graces) the men had grown hypercritical in beauty. It was necessary to be faultless in order to be approved, and of this, the Albemarle toast was apprehensively aware. But her modest self-distrust was soon banished by the award of those judges, whose voice gave law in such matters—and who unanimously affirmed that Fanny Bland, just then sixteen, transcended her mother, the famous Miss Wolverine, in personal charms. And in truth, for a *blonde*, our heroine might have been pronounced a piece of perfection. Eyes as soft and bright and blue as the azure "of Heaven's own tinct"—locks profuse and waving like the "golden hair" of Hope, with a complexion, a face, and form, as fresh, as fair, and as aerial as those of Guido's Aurora, qualified her to pass for an animated transcript of that personation of the Goddess of the morning. And if at times, the changes of an exquisite sensibility paled the hue of her cheek, and imparted a dewy sadness to her downward glance, it only added to the interest, without detracting from the symmetry of her beauty. Besides, the simple notions of her cotemporaries reckoned her highly accomplished; for an adept in every species of elegant needle and handiwork, she likewise performed finely on the harpsichord—and the dying falls of her clear voice, as sweet and spontaneous as the warble of a bird, sunk into the very soul, as she sung some touching old ballad or new English song. Unlike our present race of fair linguists, her music dealt not in French *romances* or Italian *bravuras*,—and, shocking to relate, her admirers esteemed her not the less for such a paucity of science and languages. Such rare attractions as those above enumerated, taken into consideration, with the certainty of their being

appended to them the reversion of a half-dozen of the finest estates in the Colony, it may be supposed that the "Bland beauty" created a vast sensation among the *ton* of the Metropolis. As many lovers forthwith laid suit to the heiress of Buck Island, &c. &c. as to the heiress of Bruges; and if not with equal publicity, their pretensions were advanced with, to the full, as great formality. The unrefined ideas of our plain ancestors invested the father with the absolute disposal of his child,—and out of compliment to this right as well as to defeat any ulterior and insidious designs on the part of the wooer, the established usage required him to address himself, first, to the higher powers: hence, no gentleman presumed to pay his court to a young lady without the preliminary of "asking leave of the house," as his application to the parent or guardian went in familiar phrase. Only two or three of the competitors for Miss Bland's favour—and those of too high standing to brook the contumely of a dismissal by proxy, were honored with the paternal permission; the rest met on the threshold with a civil though stately denial; for Sir Rezin had already pitched upon a suitable husband for his admirable daughter.

On the second Sunday after they got to town, Sir Rezin, Lady Bland and their divine heiress made their first public appearance at the principle church. The proud knight, like most Englishmen of family, was a staunch Episcopalian, and a regular church-goer to boot; her ladyship conformed to his mode of worship, as a matter of duty, and the young Fanny had been bred up in the strict tenets of that sect. Of course this distinguished trio took possession of the upper pew, (for at that rude period the seats in the house of God remained unsold) which corresponded with that set apart for the Royal Governor, and bearing in letters of gold on a ground of purple velvet, the name of Alexander Spotswood, not yet replaced by the insignia of the present incumbent of the chair of State. Within the ample curtains of the same rich material, Lord Botetourt and his suite were already seated, and taking cognizance of the clergyman and congregation. Immediately the opposite pew, graced by the belle of the day, constituted the centre of attraction. "The pure and eloquent blood speaking" in Fanny's transparent cheek, evinced her painful embarrassment under such general and oppressive scrutiny, which, however, relaxed not for all her symptoms of discomposure. Whether it was that the variable hues of her complexion, adorned her anew—or that his fated hour was come, we cannot undertake to decide; but certain it is, a young Scottish nobleman, who had come over as an *attache* to the official train, and as a single man and a lord, had himself been, so far, "the observed of all observers," fixed, during the long hours of the offices and sermon, on the lovely mountaineer, a gaze, whose intensity approached to fascination: it was, in power and duration, similar to that, by which the serpent is said to ensnare his prey. When the service was over, and the Blands, in walking down the aisle, exchanged salutations and sentences with their august friend, the Governor, he presented this inveterate starrer to Sir Rezin and the ladies as Lord Malcolm Ir-

vine, second son to the duke of Roxburgh. The young nobleman immediately attached himself to the side of Miss Bland, and she left the church attended by her titled escort, and followed by the ill wishes of all the envious fair ones present. Nor did Lord Malcolm and his new acquaintances part company at their coach-door; being invited to a seat in the vehicle, he accompanied them home,—and hereafter, spent every leisure moment—that is to say two-thirds of his time—in endeavoring to recommend himself to her, who had so instantaneously enthralled him. "Tis true he had not, as yet, complied with the form always introductory to a set courtship; but the acute knight, willing to strain a point in favour of a personage so illustrious, accepted the constancy of his visits and assiduities as declarative of his ultimate purpose, and hailed the prospect of such alliance with unfeigned pride and joy. Her ladyship, too, exulted in the vanity of her heart over a conquest so glorious, and so far exceeding what her most sanguine speculations had devised, for her daughter's matrimonial settlement.

Not so, the artless country girl, who was the object of Lord Malcolm's devoirs,—from which she shrunk with a repugnance, not wholly inexplicable. Of noble birth, and accomplished in graces of mind and body, the young foreigner seemed possessed of qualities to ensure admiration and even a softer sentiment; but there was that about him, obvious to the slightest observer, that soon chilled all warmer emotions into cold respect, not unmingled with awe. Dark, pale, and sad, his countenance bore the stamp of inward care; and the effect of his fine features was at times, marred by an expression revolting and indescribable, which at once checked the kindly flow of human sympathies towards him. Akin in contour and complexion to the natives of Southern Europe, rather than to the fair and ruddy Caledonian; his eyes, black as the raven locks of his head, often gleamed with such strange and ghastly lustre as those accused, in the olden time, of communing with the dead, were said to contract in their occult and unhalloved intercourse. His manner partook of the gloomy cast evidently pervading his mind; and though he would occasionally rally and exhibit in lively colloquy, much satirical and descriptive power, there was oftener perceptible through his faint attempts to disguise it, a depth of despondency, a wild and reckless wretchedness, apparently tinged with a horrible anticipation of something monstrous, to be endured or done. In short, his whole appearance embodied the ideas, set forth in German tales, of mysticism and *diablerie*, of a being fore-warned of his predestination to deeds of guilt and woe. According to rumors afterwards floating hitherward from his native land, Lord Malcolm was a victim to the visitations of the second sight,—and in one of those trances when his

"Eye intent
"Was on the vision'd future bent,"

had seen some frightful prefiguration of his own after-fortune. Since when, (as the report farther bore,) plunged in stern and silent misery, he had hurried from one clime to another, from

solitude to cities, in the vain endeavour to escape from himself, and the phantom terrors, racking his overspent brain. True or false, this tradition, credited by many, contained a plausible commentary on the text presented in the person and singular deportment of the dark-browed Irvine; still subject as he was to such unsettling and whimsical spells, Lord Malcolm was in many respects, well worthy to be loved. A chivalrous courage and magnanimity of sentiment, involving the absence of all low and selfish traits of character—a temper, venting itself, on strong provocation, in tremendous bursts of passion, but otherwise even, placable, and long suffering—with a fund of deep and tender sensibility, and "a hand open as day to melting charity," composed a sum of excellence, capable, if duly appreciated, of counterpoising the involuntary prejudice against his unnatural aspect, and habits of extraordinary and spectre-seeking abstraction. Yet notwithstanding his many good gifts, the mere presence of Lord Malcolm seemed to operate as an antidote against affection and fellow feeling. His own family endured rather than enjoyed his relationship,—his acquaintances ripened not into the regard of friendship—his very domestics, almost emancipated from service by his mild and bounteous rule, repaid it by indifference and ingratitude. In one point of view only, was the cadet of the house of Roxburgh sought and smiled upon. Immensely rich from inhering his mother's estates, young, handsome, and a nobleman, his amorous approaches had been encouraged, in his own and other lands, by the high-born, the lovely, and the witty, all emulous of an establishment so brilliant. In Williamsburg, among an aristocratic set, infatuated with reverential homage for British rank and title, he found himself not barely caressed—but worshipped. The least notice from the noble Scot, sufficed to turn the head of the lady so graced: no wonder, then, that the happy heiress, who had the fortune to fascinate him, heard herself envied and congratulated on all sides, as she moved amid the admiration and the pageantries of the great and gay world. But Fanny, insensible to the felicity of her lot, languished to escape from the lively round, and the fetters, preparing, as she dreaded, to bind her for life to a man, from whom she was utterly and unconquerably averse.

The winter was now far advanced; Lord Malcolm had proposed in form for Miss Bland, to the infinite satisfaction of her father,—by whom he was immediately presented to the reluctant daughter as her future husband. And now, for the first time, and in the most important crisis of her life, the spoiled child—as she was called—of nature and fortune, found her prayers and representations disregarded by her parents. Assuming her heart to be meanly set on a union with the humble companion of her childish years, both father and mother looked upon themselves as fulfilling a sacred accountability in using all means to avert a catastrophe so ignominious. The surest method of accomplishing this, was by matching her with a person, in every respect her mate. The alliance with Lord Malcolm exceeded even their loftiest expectations,—and in urging—nay commanding, their

daughter to accept it, they conceived themselves literally to snatch a brand from the burning. Fanny could oppose to their fluent and emphatic dissertations on the rank and splendor and desert of him she wished to reject nothing save her positive and insurmountable abhorrence of any marriage; especially with the present candidate for her hand. Of him, she professed a peculiar dislike—or rather absolute loathing: yet when Sir Rezin, so far relenting from what he deemed a needful severity, gave her the option of selecting another from among her patrician suitors,—the poor girl, in all the agonies of irresolution, unable to make a second choice, or to own her whole soul devoted to that kinsman, who had tacitly refused to reciprocate its preference, could only answer by silence and tears; and the knight, not unreasonably chafed at her thus trifling with his well-meant indulgence, proceeded to act upon the consent, which he pronounced in her name, by arranging with the bridegroom-elect the settlement preliminary to an event so grand and momentous. To her mother, the despairing Fanny then ventured on a half appeal, as to a woman, who had wedded from motives, not of interest, but of inclination; but, though her agitated pleadings would have been listened to, where an ordinary lover was concerned,—Lady Bland, dazzled by the lustre of a ducal coronet, (for the feeble state of the heir-apparent made Lord Malcolm's succession to the dukedom a probable circumstance) would hear nothing tending to disparage his merit and pretensions. Even her daughter's strong allusion to the evil destiny that menaced her conjugal state, failed to awaken the superstitious terrors recently vibrating in her ladyship's breast; she laughed at Fanny's ridiculous reminiscence—drew a bright picture of the felicity and magnificence about to bless her married lot—and kissing the blanched cheek, that belied her prediction, hastened away to consult about and order the wedding finery.

Sir Rezin now touched the acme of his grandeur, from which he was ill inclined to be swayed by the puerile objections of his daughter. Besides it both angered and wounded him to suspect her of insincerity, and of aiming to make dupes of her parents. He could not bear that his "pride and pet" (his name of endearment for her) should slyly entertain a hope of overreaching him, and of finally prevailing on his sanction to her degrading passion,—sooner than grant which, he believed himself willing to follow her to her grave. All this artifice was the exact opposite of his own character; and could Miss Bland have persuaded herself to speak out to either parent, both her love and her life would have terminated the better for it. Not that Sir Rezin would, have been in any event, wrought upon to crown her misplaced attachment,—but an implicit and respectful confidence, in unison with the best impulses of his nature, would have gone far in inducing him to suspend, if not to break off, an engagement from which her heart so revolted. The free spoken and plain dealing knight might have been taken as a fair specimen of the hearty, old English character. Frank, liberal, and kind to all about him, constant and tender in his attachments, inveterate yet open

in his dislikes, his temper was cool but inflexible; and exacting obedience in every essential point even from his wife and only child, his intentions were well known to be unchangeable,—and their edicts admitted of no repeal. A warm and steady friend, a bitter but generous enemy, his susceptibilities were uncommonly strong, and principally engrossed by his darling Fanny. Yet fondly as she was doated upon for her own sake, she was not the less valuable to one of his arrogant and aspiring temperament as the passive instrument for perpetuating his in her own exaltation; while

"Affection chained her to that heart,
"Ambition tore its links apart:"

and though in hurrying the preparations for her virtual sacrifice, he imagined himself to be solely intent on working out her worldly salvation, his high views of personal consequence and family aggrandizement, had no small share in unconsciously determining his line of action. By the proffer to his silly girl of a liberty of choice among those, who sought her with his approbation, Sir Rezin assured himself that he had not only done away all imputation of undue harshness, but that he actually condescended to delegate a portion of his legitimate authority. It was moreover, his firm opinion that the force of habit and continual contact with an elegant husband, would infallibly expel the image of her absent and inferior lover; and that when the period of her infatuation was over, his refractory daughter would thank and reward him for the wholesome controul now exercised to make her Lady Malcolm Irvine. Thus thinking, the resistance and entreaties of the unhappy Fanny "passed him by as the idle wind, that he respected not," and her repugnance, instead of procrastinating served only to accelerate the completion of the affair.

Young, timid and inexperienced, Miss Bland dreamed not of disobliging her parents by choosing her own means of happiness. And in truth, it would have been easier for her to die than to own her shame in still suffering her thoughts to cling to the man, who had repelled and forgotten her favourable sentiments. She conscientiously believed that her parents had the right to dispose of her,—exerted herself to school her rebellious heart into conformity with their wishes; but her virtuous endeavours, though, at first promising success, were not to triumph in the unequal and protracted conflict. As it was, they produced a cold, though gentle tolerance of her noble lover, who unused to the lively effusion of a fervent regard, was content to construe the faint complacency of her manner into the maidenly bashfulness befitting a modest gentlewoman; and enraptured as he was by her beauty and apparent sweetness of disposition; it would have required a much more energetic refusal that Fanny, under existing circumstances, was capable of to make him relinquish a pursuit, drawing so near to its close. In a word, Lord Malcolm was perfectly satisfied—Sir Rezin and her ladyship delighted beyond measure—and their fair but fading heiress submissive to their irreversible decree.

While such was the mental frame of its in-

and their illustrious ally, Bland House continued to be, ostensibly, the seat of splendor and rejoicing. Weekly entertainments, ordered at an immense expense from the noted Raleigh Tavern (for the founder of the feasts disdained economy on such occasions) out-did every thing of the kind before exhibited in Williamsburg except (perhaps) the *fetes* at the Government house, by courtesy cycled Palace. The cost of the winter's sojourn in an establishment, conducted on a scale of extravagance commensurate with that practised at Buck Island, where the slaughter of a beef without regard to what became of the carcase, took place, if sweet was wanted for a pudding,—absorbed the proceeds of the sale of a considerable salt-work. But this out-lay seemed nothing in comparison with the gratification of Sir Rezin's pride—and while Lady Bland and her divine daughter monopolized the envy and admiration of the town. The last hyemal month was now at hand; the enamoured Irvine grew impatient to have his "Joys lodg'd beyond the reach of fate."—

and the exulting yet uncertain father readily acceded to the importunity for an appointed day, so well according with his own conviction of the necessity of as much haste as consisted with that rigid maxim of propriety, which abhorred precipitancy in such matters on the part of the lady—or a premature celebration of the marriage-rite. The middle of April was therefore, fixed upon as a date not too early for a decorous and dignified solemnization; and Fanny, a little reconciled to her inevitable destiny, awaited in silent resignation the hour of her surrender to Lord Malcolm and bondage. Humbled to the dust by the thought of the imprudence, which had permitted a surprisal of her affections, she had experienced her full punishment in the seeming scorn and oblivion, which guerdoned her condescension,—and now strained every nerve of her fortune and self-command to retrieve herself in her own esteem by a graceful acquiescence in the addresses of one, who sought her with all the ardour of genuine and honourable passion: hence her affianced lover found himself daily greeted with increasing smiles and softness; and Miss Bland derived her best reward from the benedictions of her overjoyed parents. She never heard from George Meredith save by the short, formal letters, notifying her father of his health and welfare; in these her name occurred only in his general remembrance of them all,—and Fanny still arraigned him as fickle and insensible, while he writhed under all the tortures of hopeless love. The opportunities of communication between Bremen, and the metropolis, were "few and far between,"—but the news the craving exile was able accidentally to gather of the Blands, represented his loved and lost cousin, first as radiant in gaiety and charms, the queen of fashion and of hearts—and afterwards as about to abdicate her maiden-reign of loveliness. Particulars of the match he learned not, farther than that the man of her choice was Scottish and noble; and this much known, he shunned all the flying reports concerning an event, of the time and circumstances whereof he coveted to remain in perpetual ignorance. But a diffuse

epistle from his *ci-devant* patron, chafe as he seemed with pride and pleasure, gave Meredith full information on every point,—and mentioning their immediate return to the family seat, insisted on his presence there at his "sister's nuptial." George, losing sight of that deference, habitually obedient to Sir Rezin's will took counsel, on the painful occasion, only of his heart—and, though, alas! too late, of his prudence: he, therefore, respectfully but steadily declined the invitation, much to the displeasure of the inditer, —who, in his jealous solicitude to stifle all suspicion, whether in the mind of its object or by others, of his daughter's absurd predilection, had bidden and certainly calculated on his coming as a very important circumstance.

Agreeably to the intention announced in this letter, the Blands soon left town for Albemarle. Beginning, as Fanny did, to feel her pride soothed, and her self-love propitiated by the assiduous devotion of her titled bridegroom, she, nevertheless, luxuriated in the involuntary hope that, during their temporary separation there might something chance to convert this into a final parting. With a spirit gladdened by the cessation of Lord Malcolm's gallantries for at least six weeks, at the end of which time he had leave to follow them, she performed the journey home, —and with a full yet lightened heart, hailed the sight of the blue, waving outline of the far Alleghanies visible for miles during their passage through the lower plantation of Buck Island. Her entrance into the grounds immediately surrounding it,—and still more within the old mansion itself, where every object too forcibly reminded her of past days, and him who had rendered them as sweet as they proved fleeting, brought with it a train of melancholy musings. But deeming such indulgence criminal as it was incompatible with her positive engagement, she intermitted not her zealous efforts to promote the growth of her kindly sentiments towards the person, to whom she was all but solemnly plighted. It was not long, however, ere the faint and reluctant regard extorted from her rather by the dictates of duty, and the re-action of feelings outraged by another, than by a sense of Lord Malcolm's actual merit, withered and died away under the revival, by a casual discovery, of her co-existent attachment in all its fond and imperishable fidelity.

A few days after she reached home as Miss Bland, no longer bounding forward with the elastic tread of the wild gazelle, was slowly walking up and down the broad central avenue of the garden, she saw her maid Phillis coming in search of her with a folded paper in her hand.—The idea of a letter from her noble betrothed instantly suggested itself,—and vexed at having her reverie dispelled by the unwelcome intruder, she took it with a mixture of reluctance and remorse, scarce listening the while to the garrulous bearer, who proceeded to say that aunt Dossie (the washer woman,) had found it in the pocket of one of Massa George's waist-coats, that he had, by mistake, left out when packing up? With a cheek mantled over at the mention of that name, with the soft rosy bloom lately stationary there, the conscious beauty mechanically unfolded the sheet, which, bearing neither sig-

nature nor superscription, was still identified and held as hallowed, by his writing. It contained a copy of verses addressed to herself, blotted indeed, and illegible in some places—in others devoid of connexion and rhythmical accuracy—yet pouring forth with a pathos and energy purely Sapphick, the passionate and deathless idolatry of his heart, the sacred obligations imposed on it by honor and gratitude, and the violence with which it throbbed and panted to unburden itself at the feet of her, to whom he was condemned to be forever mute. As she hurried again and again over the impassioned effusion, the whole truth flashed upon Fanny's mind; she now saw that he, by whom she had imagined herself contemned and overlooked, had been actuated by motives of the loftiest integrity, and by the tenderest respect for her supernal pre-eminence; added to which it was apparent from the tenor of the composition that the authority of a third person had indirectly interfered between them. But such was not the first view that the transported maiden took of the delicate subject. Eagerly and repeatedly she went over the lines that "lapped her soul in Elysium,"—and for a brief space revelled in a beatitude comparable with that enjoyed by "the blest above."—The precious, the overwhelming conviction that she was beloved—that her's was not that mortification, that agony (the deepest and most insupportable that woman can endure) of pining in unrequited affection—re-animated her at once with all and even more, than her former beauty,—and transformed the pale and pensive being, moving languidly along with the dejected yet exquisite grace of a deserted Ariadne, into a glowing vision of light and loveliness, hardly touching the ground over which she glanced with the airy step of a Hebe, immortal in youth and freshness. In all the flutter of this first rapture, the fairy Fanny hastened to throw herself on her mother's neck, there to whisper the tale of her long cherished attachment, and to petition for the happiness of herself and George, once more enthroned as her friend, her lover, her "all of bliss below." The servants who met her as she glided onward, stared in open mouthed wonder at the light, lively gait, and beaming face, all smiles and blushes, so different from her late lassitude of mien and motions. But when half-way to Lady Bland's chamber, the palpitation of her heart compelled the happy girl to pause and take breath; again she drew forth the paper, invaluable beyond uncounted treasures, in order to confirm her agitated bosom by another perusal of its delicious contents. She read it over with a more deliberate attention—and in a moment how changed her countenance! how fallen her ecstatic hopes! She no longer bent her steps towards the confessional chair, whither they but just tended, but turned away to a remote apartment, there to weep undisturbed over the demolition of her bright but baseless dreams. Sadly the fair mourner now scanned the full import of the last and most impressive stanza, which had been slurred in the rapidity of her previous notice. Fraught with the calm spirit of a high and immovable resolve, and couched in correspondent power of language, its couplets breathed the strong, the stern determination of the writer to

die, but not to dishonor himself before heaven, his own conscience, and the world, by a base betrayal of duty and principle, even though to win her, whose image installed within his breast, as in a holy shrine, would aye be worshipped there with the reverence due a guardian saint—but she herself never wooed to be his earthly bride. With this declaration, subversive of all her half-formed fancies in her trembling hand, why, reasoned the downcast Fanny, need she expose herself by invoking a fruitless pity? how stoop to plead for him, who thus deposed his claim and proudly renounced all hope, all thought of her? Yet were not all drops of sorrow, in the dewy suffusion that bathed her lovely eyes. It was balm to her bitterest feelings to know herself adored even while forsworn and forsaken; and days elapsed ere the delightful delirium, induced by this persuasion, yielded to the "sober certainty of waking" woe, about to engloom the rest of her mortal span. That assurance of a mutual passion at first imparting a short sweet solace to her heart, soon became the source of deepest regrets and keenest pang; and Miss Bland, distracted at thought of the misery consequent to a forced marriage with Lord Malcolm, as it stood opposed in odious contrast to the wedded bliss, that might have been hers, grew nervous, irritable and unsettled in proportion as the day drew near, which was to abridge her maiden state of liberty. She blamed herself for her want of fortitude and self-command—but all in vain; she had neither wish nor power to think or speak, save on this one engrossing theme; so, shunning all commerce with her friends, and above all with the parents, whose cruel kindness was thus operating to destroy her whom it was their sole aim to preserve, the hapless victim of their false policy sought in the solitude of her own soul for comfort and support.

"She pray'd for strength, but falling tears
"Betrayed her weakness as she knelt!"

She prayed for death—yet it came not any more than patience or relief.

Sir Rezin, a close observer of her inconsistencies, knew not what to make of his drooping beauty, who, no longer "like some gay creature of the elements, playing in the plighted clouds," frolicked through the house, diffusing life and sunshine around her path. Moody, captious and abstracted, her conduct seemed to develop the symptoms of incipient madness. Her knightly sire ceased to attribute the alarming change to her disappointment in love—but rather deemed her constitution deranged by some serious physical malady. The poor lady Bland firmly believed her daughter to be bewitched—and would fain have had recourse to a famous—or more properly infamous doctress, who, working by sign and spell professed to cure all diseases originated by witch-craft—or, to borrow the local phrase, *tricking*; but her more judicious husband peremptorily prohibited a practice so absurd, and possibly dangerous. The uneasy parents were just about calling in the family-physician, when to their inexpressible relief the mental disorder, as they judged it, of their darling child, took another—and not less touching—turn. The unnatural petulance and fitful rest-

leanness marking its first stage suddenly subsided into a deep but placid sadness, that spoke a mind hopeless indeed, but still resigned in wretchedness. Hers was now the condition depicted in the simple lines descriptive of the heroine of Lady Ann Lindsay's ballad!"

"No longer she wept—her tears were a' spent—
Despair, it was come and she thought it content;
She thought it content,—but her cheek it grew pale
And she drooped like the lily, broke down by the hail."

Hitherto maddened by the tortures of suspense to which she had subjected herself by a rash experiment, Fanny's strange impatience expired with the impetus which had concentrated her whole soul in the one mighty effort. But the die was now cast—her last stake had been played and lost! Henceforth there was nothing left for her but the performance of her filial duties (on which she included the gift of her hand where her parents had promised it) and the dull repose of the grave. She had just heard, for the first time, directly but secretly from her kinsman at Bremen. During the trance of feeling produced by her discovery of Meredith's attachment, Miss Bland had unconsciously assumed it for granted that his heroic immolation of the passion so vividly portrayed by him arose from his implied belief of her indifference to it—and that his stern self-control would instantly vanish before a glimpse of her real sentiments: besides still struggling with the exquisite sensations which had condensed an age of bliss into the moment, that taught her she was beloved, her tender nature could not forbear a disclosure fraught with the like transports for him. Quelling the modest scruples which long interposed to hinder the execution of her project, the fond girl, for the first time guilty of a clandestine action, enclosed his own production to her poet-lover with those words written in the envelope. "You say true, cousin George: we can never be more to each other than friends and cousins; but do not believe that any body can ever love you better than, or half-so-well as your own broken hearted Fanny B."

The missive was duly received, with what emotions we will not attempt to say; but in spite of the encouragement indirectly held out to him—of the naive avowal so obliquely yet fully made, George never faltered for a moment in his noble course. The interim between the dispatches of her packet, and the arrival of the answer, was spent by the wretched heiress in one long paroxysm of shame, impatience and almost despair. At length it came—a long and tender reply, putting the literal acception on her single but comprehensive sentence,—signifying his intention to embark without delay for the East Indies, and beseeching her as his "friend and cousin" for one last private interview, ere he went (the time and place thereof to be assigned hereafter) made an end forever of Fanny's feverish alternation of doubts and hopes,—and falling, like the bolt that rends as it blasts, the shock stunned and rattled her inmost heart.

After the receipt of this final renunciation, Miss Bland's whole system appeared to undergo a violent and thorough revolution. All dread or thoughts of the union heretofore so abhorred,

seemed obliterated from her memory, while her mind dwelt only on dark and dreary images, presaging her own speedy death. Traits, till now unknown to her character, suddenly unfolded themselves; for instance, an airy strain of imaginative power, and the wildest weakness of superstitious excitement, like the apparition of the air drawn dagger, apostrophized by Macbeth, the vision of a bloody steel brandished by a spectral hand, floated before her mind and eye, palysing her with horror; unearthly voices, as she averred, summoned her away by name,—and once when stooping over the clear fountain of the Limestone Spring, a hideous reflection of some monstrous object alarmed her almost to phrenzy. The medical men, of whom several were now in attendance, could recognize the indications of no definite disease; but they all joined in opinion that some heavy trance preyed upon the mind of the patient, which could only be relieved by disburdening itself. By the exertion of all her influence over her daughter, Lady Bland, at last, wrested from her the secret of her breast, and this confidence, though extorted, proved of the happiest efficacy. No longer pressing like an incubus on the springs of life, the dreadful load of anguish uncommunicated, lessened by degrees as her Ladyship, soothing and sympathizing with her burst of love-lorn sorrow, wrought upon her to vent it in words and tears: and thus giving free scope to her emotions, Fanny insensibly wept them away upon her mother's bosom. The wholesome effusion of humid grief, at once lightened her oppressed brain; and Sir Rezin who had well nigh alarmed his daughter's bewilderment, beheld with incredulous rapture the alteration effected by a few days unreserved communion with her maternal counsellor.

A slight shade of melancholy still hung on Fanny's brow,—but she had so far regained a state of composure, as lady-like, to inspect with the complaisance of gratified vanity, an importation of splendid goods made up into the most bewitching bridal attire, over which Lady Bland and a select female conclave descanted with as much *onction* as Hero's waiting woman, about the duchess of Milan's gown. The noble bridegroom, now daily expected, came in for his share of their panegyric, and his fair affianced, tiring no less of his name, than of the gorgeous display of silver tissues and brocades, rose colored tiffanies, and Brussels lace, went forth to recreate herself in a solitary evening stroll. She still retained her passion for long walks,—and now wandered along one which had been a special favourite with her absent cousin. About one third of the way to the fishery, the path turned off to the right and wound away from the low grounds through a green meadow, usually ancle deep in timothy and clover, sending up a sweet smell as the foot pressed the white and purple flowers. At the end of a few hundred yards the lane, as it might be called—being edged on either side with an irregular hedge of sumac and hazle—widened into an open space, sloping down to the head of a beautiful stream. This was the far-famed Limestone Spring, where Fanny now found herself for the first time since her recent fright beside its brink.—

From beneath the overshadowing canopy of a Titan like oak, the medicinal waters, as they were then thought, gushed forth from a source so abundant as to swell at once into an ample brook, whose crystal current ran smoothly along, "making sweet music with the enamel'd stones," between banks beset with the odorous purple flag, the golden rod, and "a thousand fresh water flowers of several colours," interspersed with thickets of laurel, holly, and eglantine. Such was the aspect of the place in its vernal and summer beauty; but at present it lay bare and desolate as the huge rocks of the deserted quarry beyond it—or like the heart of her, who now viewed it a wintry waste, and longed to be laid at rest beneath the green sod, which the quiet waters laved. But those waters, so peaceful and limpid, had been stained with the blood of innocence, and the soft and sylvan scene around had echoed to the yells of savages, frantic with revenge, and red and reeking from the slaughter, many years before, when the red men devastated the Colony. A large company had assembled a few miles off to celebrate a rustic wedding. The pair were standing before the parson, the pretty bride attired in her wedding dress of white calico at the left hand of her sturdy bridegroom, about to repeat the solemn words,—when a fierce glare of light wrapped the house in flames and bursting through the shroud of smoke and fire, a band of Indians, shouting with the fury and gestures of demoniacs, involved the party in one indiscriminate massacre. Their fell purpose being achieved, they marched off, carrying as their sole prisoner the almost lifeless bride. Finding themselves hot pressed by the avengers of blood, the miscreants tomahawked and scalped their shrieking victim beside the Limestone Spring, and rushed on to covert in the woody labyrinth, extending for miles around. The pursuers coming up soon after, left her for the time on the spot where she had fallen,—but returning in the evening from their desperate chase, they buried the mangled body where it lay. Ever since the lonely grave had been respected and pointed out by those narrating the tale of this sad nuptial. Generally strewn over with the earliest and loveliest violets of the spring, there were even now on it, a few large clusters half blown and filling the air with their rich fragrance.

As Miss Bland, in her pale statue like beauty, and immobility of posture, leant, like another Arethusa, just risen from her virgin waves, over the margin of the stream, the perfect proportions of her figure, her simple grace of attitude and the folds of her white drapery, gave her the look of some rare piece of sculpture, a choice trophy of Grecian art. Here she rested from the fatigue of the long walk, meditating mournfully the while on him, who had so often stood beside her—and on the dark rolling billows over which he was so soon to track his way. Suddenly the musing maiden felt herself clasped about the waist—and had well nigh fainted from excess of surprise and terror. The sound of the voice accosting her, gave her courage to look up, and she found herself in Lord Malcolm's arms. The sight of him only increased her agitation; and hastily seating her on the fragrant

little mound close by, he brought water in the large gourd always swimming in the Spring, and applied it to her lips and temples. As the lovely invalid slowly recovered, the young nobleman explained and apologized for his abrupt appearance by stating that he was but just arrived—and in his extreme impatience to greet her had ventured, on permission of Sir Rezin, who had the goodness to show him the way, to intrude on her solitude; not for an instant anticipating the painful effects of her being thus taken unawares. Still weak and trembling, Fanny shuddered and started up at finding that, oh! dire omen! they had during their brief converse been seated on the "Bride's Grave." Lord Malcolm expressed the tenderest concern at her faded looks,—but he had already heard the assigned cause of a severe indisposition. Fearing for the effect of the keen air on her delicate frame, for the spring being remarkably backward, "as yet the trembling year was unconfirmed," he hurried her away as hastily as his care for her weak state permitted.

Buck Island now resounded with the bustle of preparation for the important solemnity, the day of which was close at hand. All this pomp and confusion ill suited with the habits of the grave and retiring Irvine; but he vainly urged his preference of a plain and private style of nuptials.—All the gentry for miles around, were bidden to the marriage feast, which was according to usage to consist of a dinner and supper, with the evening-entertainment of a ball. No king and prime minister ever toiled harder to methodize a kingdom than did Lady Bland and her right hand, the housekeeper, to regulate the endless arrangements of the august affair. On Sir Rezin devolved the amusement of the noble Scot at such times as his beautiful betrothed chose to retreat into her citadel of maiden state and coyness: but upon the whole Miss Bland treated him with exemplary courtesy—and supported herself well under the flurry and excitement of the occasion.

On the morning of her nuptials, she looked pale and sad, and the traces of tears were perceptible on that cheek, unrivalled for form and colouring; but brides enjoy a prescriptive right to cry and look melancholy at attaining the grand aim of all their manoeuvres: so nobody noticed a circumstance as common—indeed indispensable—as any part of the sacred ceremony. By nine o'clock, she was dressed in her wedding suit of white brocade, damasked and fringed with silver, whose magnificence was fully perceptible through the bridal veil of finest mecline lace which, enveloping her from head to foot, was rendered nearly superfluous by the quantity of long, fair hair, streaming loose and shining like molten gold. At the elbow of this bright creation, were stationed her six bride-maids wearing on breast and shoulder their favours of blue ribbon, knotted with silver; these were young ladies of the highest rank in the colony. The like number of cavaliers, composed the suite of the bridegroom, who, clad in a habit of white cloth and satin, richly laced with the precious metal appropriated to hymenial decorations displayed a refulgence of joy in his countenance and carriage, as dissimilar to the usual lurid ex-

pressions of his eye and mien as a sunbeam from a streak of fiery lightning. The marriage rite was performed, agreeably to the fashion of that and our own time, at the parish church, whither the company repaired in a procession of coaches drawn by four and six horses along the road, lined with the country people, collected to take a peep at the grand parade. This attendance consisted of the select friends of the party; the major portion of the guests being invited only for the evening. The sumptuous dinner, comparable to a Lord Mayor's feast for the richness, rarity and abundance of the viands, passed off as such entertainments are wont to do—but amid a heartiness of appetite and mirth, exploded by the ideas of modern refinement. The bride not now a drooping white lily, but glowing with the hue and radiance of the rose, sat at the right of her noble bridegroom, and received with a mixture of confusion and triumph, the homage of his impassioned devotion. Yet was not Fanny's heart at ease; but it swelled under the conscious pride of beauty, adorned with the utmost elegance of dress, and the adulation lavished on the heiress of Buck Island, now ennobled as the choice of a titled foreigner,—while the excitement of the crowd, the lights, the gaiety and splendor reigning around her, imparted a contagious tumult to her veins! But the hour of altercation was about to succeed; already her head began to ache and turn giddy with the buzz and confusion of the scene; and whispering a few words to her mother, the ladies rose simultaneously and vanished from the dining room. About half an hour afterwards, Lady Malcolm was crossing the hall on her way to her own chamber; she heard her name distinctly articulated in a voice that thrilled through her frame; she turned to the sound, and a well remembered figure threw a billet towards her, and instantly disappeared. The summons was potent as the conjuration of a necromancer over an unruly spirit—and like that obeyed.

Long before the gentlemen broke up their convivial divan (for, then as now, they sat late at the wine) Lord Malcolm, true as the shadow to the substance, had left the table, and was eagerly seeking his adored bride. He caught a glimpse of her during her momentary conference in the hall, which he beheld with a distrust of the evidence of his own perceptions. By and by the dispersed guests re-assembled in a side parlour; but Lady Bland looked round and inquired in vain of the domestics for Fanny and her noble lord. At length the bride's long absence was noticed by the company, while her ladyship and the punctilious knight wearied themselves in conjectures as to where she could have hidden herself. The evening was chill and lowering, and 'twas highly improbable that she would go forth alone and in her slight and splendid garb, so unfit for a promenade. After nearly an hour spent in questions and surmises, Lady Bland found her daughter in her own room, apparently engaged in re-adjusting her dishevelled hair—but pale, cold and agitated in the highest degree. Forbearing all comment on her singular absence and manifest discomposure, the kind and exulting mother, after aiding the trembling Fanny to arrange her dress, accompanied her

into the saloon, which was the appointed reception room of the evening circle. Just as they joined the company, Lord Malcolm entered by another door, his face so lately animated with the effulgence of love and gaiety, now wan and stern, while his eyes glared like those of a corpse. Something so strange and sepulchral pervaded his manner and appearance, that all, with whom he came in contact, involuntarily sprang aside; his motions and actions resembled those, which the force of galvanism extorts from the dead. The lively strains of the violins now gave signal for the opening of the ball; this etiquette required the new married pair to do, and like an automaton the bewildered bridegroom led forth the admired heiress, now all his own, for the minut, with which all gestic pastimes invariably began; but between his constrained and unconscious movements and the embarrassment and perturbation of the distressed Fanny, never was a dance worse performed. Gigs, a favorite exhibition, as they gave the gentleman a right to a kiss from his partner at the close, then succeeded; after which came the prime exercise and country dances; and as the assembly waxed merry, and the salutations became general and unceremonious, their attention was gradually diverted from the extraordinary behaviour of the abstracted Irvine. The surpassing bride, who, attended by her lovely train, had sat like Venus, surrounded by the graces, withdrew from the festivity as soon as supper was over. After a banquet, served on wrought plate, that might have graced the nuptials of a prince, reeks, the national (if such an epithet be not a solecism,) dance of the Virginians, commenced with renewed zest and spirit, and continued till near day break. About sunrise, the customary hour of stirring with the family, the house was still, and the revellers asleep.

Morning dawned as clear and dazzling as the sun's bright rays, shining on an untracked expanse of snow, could make it. During the night, as intensely cold as mid winter, there had been a heavy fall of it, though it was now as late as the middle of April. One by one, the servants began to struggle forth from their dormitories; the housekeeper's shrill voice was heard resounding far and wide, like a sea gull clamouring in a storm,—and the disordered scene of the over night's jollity, presently exhibited the precision and nicety of holiday apartments. By eight o'clock, the inmates, transient and permanent, amounting to some score, were ready and assembled for breakfast, which only waited the forthcoming of the two most conspicuous personages. Lady Bland, blushing at her daughter's incivility, sent more than one messenger to hasten her,—but their whispered reports bore that the door of the bridal chamber, was, to be sure, ajar, but that no sight or stir of life within answered to their calls. Another half hour wore languidly by and still no sign or news of the noble couple. The heart of the anxious mother began to misgive her with a foreboding that all was not right; and in an under tone, she commissioned two of the bride-maids to go with the housekeeper, and rouse the sluggards. The trio knocked repeatedly at the half opened door, but no response was rendered to their summons:

and awed by the strange silence and the idea of intruding upon the privacy of a lord, they returned, without entering, to relate their fruitless errand! Lady Bland, wild with an alarm that infected her husband, rushed through her own chamber, vacated by her for the night, into the one beyond; Sir Rezin, the housekeeper, and one or two others following. The rays of the sun, reflected through the red moreen window curtains, involved the apartment in a ruddy twilight, but its circuit seemed still and vacant as that of an empty monument. In her hurried advance to the bed, which stood at the upper end, her ladyship's foot encountered something slippery as glass—and falling on

THE LEGEND OF BUCK ISLAND,

a long crimson stain slightly crusted over, she felt her hand wet with something thick and curdled; at the same instant the drawing back of a window curtain, enabled Lady Bland to see what soiled her palm; it was blood! She screamed and fainted away; the affrighted bride-maids re-echoed her cry, and the room, in a moment filled. Some raised the senseless mother and bore her away—others hastened to Sir Rezin's side, who, immovable as if carved out of stone, stood gazing on a sight of horror, that might well have terrified a father. On the bridal bed, as stiff and cold as the marble effigy on a tomb, lay the fair young bride—her bosom gashed with a ghastly wound; her sweet features fixed in the pallid rigor of death! One long lock of pale gold, escaped from beneath her midnight coil, and dabbled with clots of frozen blood, fell floating on the floor, and one little hand, that which bore the wedding badge, was thrown, half raised, across her breast, as if to ward off a blow, but there was no trace of convulsion or the struggle of murderous strife.—These were to be found in the wide stream of blood around the spot, and in the weapon, which gave the death stroke and was left sticking in her breast. This was a Highland dirk, inlaid with armorial bearings exactly similar to those so often described by the murdered Fanny, as encrusting the phantom dagger of her dream.—No other vestige of the assassin bridegroom was visible; he had evidently not passed the night within the chamber, for the angel victim to his maniac wrath had been many hours dead.—Amid all the horror and distress, paralyzing the house hold, a party of the gentlemen guests, made strict search for him throughout the demesne and vicinity—but without success. One of them fell upon a track, extending beyond those, stamped by the passage of the menials about the yard; it led to a wild, high cliff, overlooking the deepest part of Buck Island Creek, now slightly skimmed over by the frost,—but here it terminated or was lost. Whether the murderer stung by a paroxysm of remorse, had fled thither, or thrown himself into the stream below—or whether some accidental passenger had printed the snow, none ever knew; but from that night and hour, Lord Malcolm Irvine was never seen or heard of more.

In the confession made to her mother by the hapless sacrifice to the jealous phrensy of a husband, there was one circumstance studiously

suppressed; that was the farewell meeting solicited by George Meredith and promised by herself. An opportunity of establishing himself to great advantage in the Antilles, offering itself, the unhappy young man eagerly embraced it as the means of quitting a country now become odious to him, and of shaking off the patronage by which he felt himself debased. On the day which proved the last of Miss Bland's life, he arrived in the neighborhood for the express purpose of this parting interview. Loth to trust an emissary between them, he went over himself to Buck Island, and picked a chance of delivering the few lines apprising her of his arrival, and where he then waited for her. Lord Malcolm witnessed the receipt of this billet, he saw the eager trepidation with which his bride sped off after its perusal. It was but natural for him to follow her, as he did, nearly stifled by excess of passion. The appointed trysting place was an arbour in the garden distant only a few paces from the great gate, whither the light figure, he, but a moment before adored as angelic flitted before him. The unhappy bridegroom all hell raging in his breast, beheld the impassioned meeting, the wild embrace, the flowing tears.—Maddened by some words of dubious import as imperfectly heard by him, he was on the point of bursting upon, as he thought, the guilty pair,—but the dread of vengeance defeated thereby, arrested his deadly design. They continued together but a few moments; with all the fiend unchained within him, he saw their separation and ere he could move from the spot where rage and a confluence of horrible emotions transfixed him, both were out of sight. The sad sequel has been already related.

There remains but little to be told of our tale: George Meredith settled in Antigua, where he long dwelt, universally esteemed but unmarried. Sir Rezin never held up his head after the tragical end of his idolized child, whom he outlived only one year. Lady Bland.

"Surviving all
"Charms, kindred, children,"

lived to the extremity of human existence—but not at Buck Island. Detesting the scene of her daughter's untimely catastrophe, and unable to disbelieve, yet unwilling to verify the popular rumour, that insisted on supernatural appearances within the fatal chamber; and on "airy tongues that syllabled" the lovely victim's name at dead of night, disturbing the rest of the household,—she left the family seat not to return, as soon as decency would allow, after the loss of her husband. After her death the vast possessions on which she had so prided herself, went to enrich a remote and obscure branch of the Wolverines, with which in her days of maternity and palmy hope, she scorned to acknowledge affinity.

After her ladyship's desertion of the mansion house, it remained unoccupied and gradually fell into decay. The belated passenger, as he trudged along the road to the crossing place at the Creek, looked up in vain to the brow of the hill for the many lights erst burning there as a cheering beacon to his steps; and instead of the stir and "voices of social men" once resounding where all was alive and gay, his ear caught only

the melancholy sounds of the doors and window shutters, flapped by the high winds; or of the creaking oar, hooting from some wondering corner or distant top. A residence too extensive for the persons to whom it fell in the division of this estate, the dilapidated building was at last trodden down and the timber and other materials properly employed to construct two smaller dwellings. The island home-stead thus perished as the name was extinct and passed away; and the history and memorials of the once haughty and splendid race, exist only in the lime worn ruins of an edifice, and in this imperfect record of the Legend of Breck Island.

E. C. S.

From the New England Magazine.

THE SHETLAND WIDOW.

In consequence of the gale, which, in the autumn of 1838, wrecked so many unfortunate Shetland fishermen, their widows were obliged to supply their places in the boats, to save their families from famine.

"Aye hard thine aid, my son, to push
The shallop from the shore;

For I must take thy father's place
To ply the feathered oar,

And ere again the faithless sea
Shall sweep my little boatman be.

"And thou wilt trim the sail, and steer
Headland and low reef by;
And merrily, where sunken rocks, beneath
The danger waiters lie.

"Small sail, I know, my son, is thine;
But yet, what still loss is mine.

"My weak heart trembles, thus to see
Our oar no longer near;
And view the heaving winding shore,
Like a faint line appear.

My basket shall I ever see you more,
Or tread again that drying shore?"

"Mother, then seek't the blue waves break,
And sparkle in the sun:
And we our hidden bark shall moor,
Ere yet the day is done."

"So smok'd the sea that very day,
That last, thy father went a way.

"But hush! see, the sea-mews yell;
I fear a flurry's nigh!

"Oh! I could sleep beneath the waves,
That could not see thee die.
How near those wailing storm-birds keep,
And o'er the roughening billows sweep!"

"Woe, woe, mother, ne'er before
Met, thou coudest the bay;
For often thus, from storm to storm,
The stormy peacocks play."

"And now thou art alone,
And must thou on thine oar, the gale
With gentle breakings, fill the sail.

"And o'er the crested ocean waves,
Our swift shall gaily ride;
As o'er the breakers and the surf,
We see you sail for ever gild."

"And he who guides the sea-lark thus,
With steady, mother, think on us."

"God bless thee, boy! thou art my stay,
While I should comfort thee;
The widow and the orphan's God,
Is He, who rides the sea;
And I will trust his power to guide
Our shallop homeward o'er the tide."

Mrs. Carmichael in her "Domestic Manners and Society in the West Indies," gives the following curious and extraordinary account of the Chasseur Ants, common at Trinidad.

One morning my attention was arrested at Laurel Hill, (Trinidad,) by a number of black-birds whose appearance was foreign to me; they were smaller but not unlike the English crow, and were perched on a calabash tree near the kitchen. I asked D, who that moment came up from the garden, what could be the cause of the appearance of so many of those blackbirds. She said, "Mama, den be a sign of de blessing of God; dey are not de blessing, but only de sign, as we say, of God's blessing. Misses, you'll see afore noon-time, how de ants will come and clear de houses." At this moment I was called on to breakfast, and thinking it was some superstitious idea of D's, I paid no further attention to it. In about two hours after this, I observed an uncommon number of chasseur ants crawling about the floor of the room; my children were annoyed by them, and seated themselves on a table, where their legs did not communicate with the floor. They did not crawl upon my person, but I was now surrounded by them. Shortly after this the walls of the room became covered by them, and next they began to take possession of the tables and chairs. I next thought it necessary to take refuge in an adjoining room, separated only by a few ascending steps from the one we occupied; and this was not accomplished without great care and generalship for, had we trodden upon one, we should have been summarily punished. There were several ants on the steps of the stair, but they were not near so numerous as in the room we had left, but the upper room presented a singular spectacle for not only were the floor and walls covered like the other room, but the roof was covered also.

The open rafters of a West India house at all times afford shelter to a numerous tribe of insects, more particular the cock-roach; but now their destruction was inevitable. The chasseur ants, as if trained to battle, ascended in regular thick files to the rafters, and threw down the cock-roaches to their comrades on the floor, who as regularly marched off with the dead bodies of the cock-roaches, dragging them away by their united efforts with amazing rapidity. Either the cock-roaches were stung to death on the rafters, or else the fall killed them. The ants never stopped to devour their prey, but conveyed all to their store-houses. The whitewash windows of the room were glass, and a battle now ceased between the ants and jack-ants, both pursued on the pieces of glass.—The jack-ants may be called the wasp of the West Indies; it is twice as large as a British wasp and its sting in proportion is more painful. It builds its nest in trees and old houses, and sometimes in the rafters of a room. The jack-ants were not quite such easy prey for they used their wings, which not one cock-roach had attempted. Two jack-ants, boldly pursued on the window, alighted on the dress of one of my children. I entreated her to sit still, and remain quiet. In an almost inconceivable short space of time, a party of ants crawled upon her frock, surrounded, covered the two jack-ants, and crawled down again to the floor, dragging off their prey, and doing the child no harm. From this room I went to the adjoining bed-chamber and dressing-room, and found them equally in possession of the chamber. I opened a large military chest of linen, which had been much infested; for I was determined to take every advantage of such able hunters; I found the ants already inside; I suppose they must have got in at some opening of the hinges. I pulled out the linen on the floor, and with them hundreds of cock-roaches, not one of which escaped.

We now left the house, and went to the chasseur

built at a little distance; but these all were in the same state. I next proceeded to open a store room at the other end of the house, for a place of retreat; but to get the key I had to return to the under room, where the battle was more hot than ever; the ants had commenced an attack upon the rats and mice, and strange as it may appear, they were no match for their apparently insignificant foes. They surrounded them as they had the insect tribe, covered them over, and dragged them off with a celerity and union of strength, that no one who has not watched such a scene can comprehend. I did not see one rat or mouse escape, and I am sure I saw a score carried off during a very short period.

We next tried the kitchen—for the store room and boy's pantry were already occupied; but the kitchen was equally the field of battle between rats, mice, cock-roaches and ants killing them. A huckster negro came up selling cakes, and seeing the uproar, and the family and servants standing out in the sun, he said—"Ah, Misses, you have got the blessing of God to-day and a great blessing it be to get such a cleaning." I think it was about ten when I first observed the ants; and about twelve the battle was formidable; soon after one o'clock the great strife commenced with the rats and mice; and about three the houses were cleared. In a quarter of an hour more the ants began to decamp, and soon not one was to be seen within doors, but the grass round the house, was full of them; and they seemed now feasting on the remnant of their prey, which had been left on the road to their nests; and so the feasting continued till about four o'clock, when the black birds, who had never been long absent from the calabash and pois deux trees in the neighborhood, darted down among them, and destroyed by millions those who were too sluggish to make good their retreat. By five o'clock the whole was over; before sundown the negro houses were cleared in the same way; and they told me that they had seen the black-birds hovering about the almond trees as early as seven in the morning. I never saw these black-birds before or since, and the negroes assured me that they never were seen but at such times.

APPARITIONS.—The celebrated historian De Thou had a very singular adventure at Saumur, in the year 1598, which shows the happy effects of a calm inquiry into the cause of any alarming or extraordinary appearance. One night having retired to rest, very much fatigued, while he was enjoying a sound sleep, he felt a very extraordinary weight upon his feet, which, having made him turn suddenly, fell down and awakened him. At first he imagined that it had been only a dream; but hearing soon after some noise in his chamber, he drew aside the curtains, and saw by the help of the moon, which at that time shone very bright, a large white figure walking up and down, and at the same time observed upon a chair, some rags, which he thought belonged to thieves who had come to rob him. The figure then approaching his bed, he had the courage to ask it what it was. "I am," said the figure, "the Queen of Heaven." Had such a figure appeared to any credulous, ignorant man, he would doubtless have trembled with fear, and frightened the whole neighborhood with a marvellous description of it. But De Thou had too much understanding to be imposed upon. On hearing the words which dropped from the figure, he immediately concluded that it was a mad woman, got up, called his servants, and ordered them to turn her out of doors; he then returned to bed and fell asleep. Next morning he found that he had not been deceived in his conjecture, and that having forgot to shut the door this female figure had escaped from her keepers, and entered his apartment. The brave Schomberg, to whom De Thou related his adventure some days after, confessed that in such a case he would not have shown so much courage: The king likewise, who was inform-

ed of it by Schomberg, made the same acknowledgment.

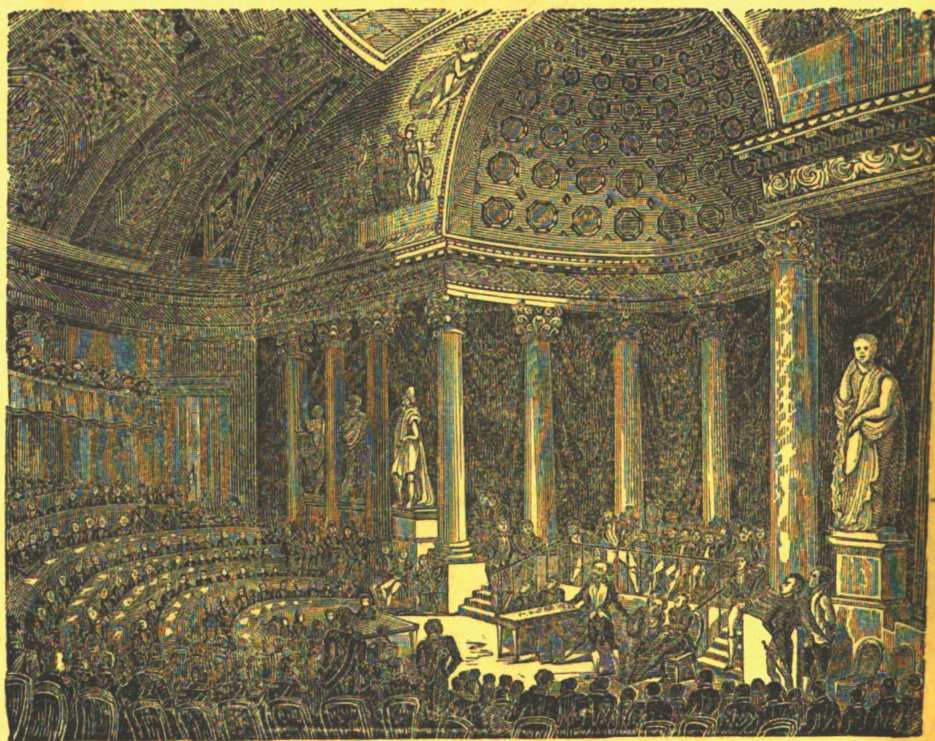
The following relation contains a description of an apparition of a different kind, no less appalling. I Schmidt, mathematical teacher at the school of Plo near Nuremberg, which had formerly been a cloister once happened to awake suddenly at the morning I ran to dawn. On opening his eyes, he beheld with astonishment a monk standing at the foot of his bed. Looking at him steadfastly, he appeared to be well fed and his head far from small, was sunk a little below a pair of very broad shoulders. The chamber was sufficiently secured; Mr. Schmidt alone slept in it; and he was very certain that no one would attempt to put trick upon him in jest. He knew also that no part of his clothes or any thing else was hanging at his bed foot. The figure exactly resembled that of a monk clothed in a white surplice, the falling folds of which were very clearly to be distinguished. Had an ignorant and timid man beheld this appearance, he would probably have covered himself up with the bed clothes and firmly maintained that the ghost of a monk he appeared to him. As the school had formerly been a cloister, many monks had been buried both in the church and church yard, and it was currently reported among the vulgar that the place was haunted. Mr. Schmidt, however, neither ignorant nor timid, immediately conjectured that his eyes were deceived, though he could not conceive in what manner. He raised himself up a little in his bed, but the apparition did not move; he only saw more of it, and the folds of the surplice were still more conspicuous. After a little while he moved towards the right, yet the apparition remained, and he seemed to have in part a side view of it; but as soon as he had moved his head so far as to have a slight glimpse of the bed's foot, the apparition retreated backwards, though still with its face to the bed. Following the apparition quickly with his eyes it retreated with speed, swelled as it retreated to a gigantic form, a rustling noise was heard, and—at once the apparition was changed into a gothic window with white curtains which was opposite the bed's foot and about 6 or 7 feet distant from it. Several times after this, Mr. Schmidt endeavored when he awoke to see the same appearance, but to no purpose, the window always looking like a window only. Some weeks after, however, on awakening, as the day began to dawn he again perceived the monk's apparition at his bed foot. Being now aware what occasioned it, he examined it narrowly. The great arch of the window formed the monk's shoulders, a smaller arch in the center of this his head, and the curtains its surplice. The folds of these appeared much stronger than they did at the same distance by daylight. Thus the figure of the monk appeared plainer, nearer, and smaller than the window would have done.—*Dick's Improvement of Society.*

THE VOICE OF THUNDER.

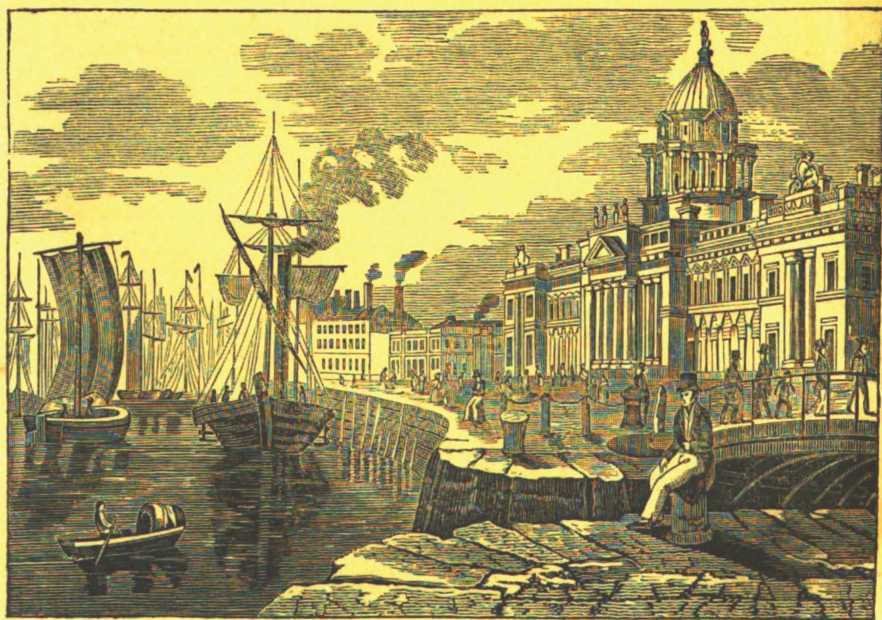
BY GREENVILLE HELLER.

Voice from the deep of air!
That speaketh from thy shrine of stooping clouds,
Shaking the buried in their marble shrouds,
How stern thou pealest there!
Thou makest men grow pale,
Rebuking them amidst their mirth,
Till they look upward from the heated earth,
In wonder and in wail.

No sound that rides the sky
Calls to the human heart with such a thrill,
Commanding its proud poles at its will,
As thine, O voice on high!
No sound sublimer rolls
Above old mountains, valleys, and the sea,
To stir, with its great music, full and free,
The deep fount of our souls!



French House of Peers, during the Trial of the Ex-ministers.



Harbour and Custom House of Dublin.

French House of Peers, during the Trial of the Emancipators.

The French Chamber of Peers occupies a magnificent hall, which has been constructed for its accommodation in the centre compartment of the Palace of the Luxembourg. It is in the form of a Greek Theatre, about 80 feet in diameter, supported by Corinthian columns, in imitation of marble. In the interior are statues of Solon, Aristides, Scipio Africanus, Demosthenes, Cicero, Lycurgus, Camillus, Cincinnatus, Cato of Utica, Pericles, Phocion and Leonidas, in which the modern sculptors of France have endeavoured to surround her senate with the most appropriate historical recollections. In a recess facing the assembly, is the president's seat, and before it is a bust of Louis XVIII. by Dupaty.

This apartment of the Luxembourg gave name, in 1814, to the entire palace: a marble tablet being at that period placed over the principal entrance which announced its change of designation.

There needed no inscription of this kind to denote the purpose to which it was devoted on the memorable occasion to which our plate alludes. The whole public interest of the metropolis of France, and indeed of the civilized world, was too powerfully engaged in what was passing. It was felt to be a trial not only of the alleged crimes of the unfortunate gentlemen implicated, but of the strength of the new government.

Harbour and Custom House of Dublin.

Dublin is seated in view of the sea on the east, and in a fine country, which swells into gently rising eminences on the north and west, whilst lofty mountains bound the horizon on the south. The city itself cannot be seen to full advantage on first entering the harbour, but the approach to it from thence exhibits a fine prospect of the country for improvement and cultivation, which have a most agreeable effect to enliven this most delightful scene. The Wicklow mountains on the south, with the pointed cone of the sugar-loaf, contribute not a little to embellish a landscape so extensive and picturesque as not to be equalled by any one view in Europe, excepting, perhaps, the Bay of Naples, to which it is acknowledged to bear a striking resemblance.

Dublin might be a commodious station for shipping, were it not for two sand banks, called the *North and South Bulls*, which prevent large vessels from crossing the bar, and sad experience has proved that the bay is not a safe place for anchorage; in consequence, a new harbour has been formed at Howth. The river, however, has been greatly improved for such vessels as do not draw too much water to cross the bar, by a prodigious work on the south side of it, called the *South Wall*, and which extends three miles. It is formed of large blocks of granite strongly cemented, and strengthened with iron clamps, the breadth on the top being near forty feet, and rising five feet above high water mark.

Goods are brought to the custom house in a species of lighters, of which a good idea may be formed from those represented in the cut. The custom house itself, if we consider the beauty of

its architecture, or the judicious choice of site and accommodations, must be acknowledged to stand at the head of all those establishments erected for commercial purposes among European nations. It is situated in the northern division of the city, and as is represented above, close to the side of the river. The expense of this magnificent structure, which is larger probably than the trade of Dublin requires, was no less than two hundred and fifty-five thousand pounds sterling. It is 375 feet long, by 275 broad: opposite its east front are the government wet docks.

We feel a peculiar pleasure in being able to offer our readers an original poem from the pen of that accomplished American female, Miss Hannah F. Gould, of Newburyport. There is a vein of feeling pervading the whole of the subjoined poem, which increases the charm of its versification, and entitles it to rank among the best efforts of her pen. We are happy to add that our columns will be occasionally graced with other poems from the same gifted writer.

Written for the Casket.

THE VETERAN AND THE CHILD.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

"Come, Grandfather, show how you carried your gun
To the field where America's freedom was won;
Or bore your old sword, which you say was new then,
When you rose to command, and led forward your men!
And tell how you felt with the balls whizzing by,
While the wounded fell round you, to bleed and to die!"

The prattler had stir'd in the veteran's breast,
The embers of fire that had long been at rest.
The blood of his youth rush'd anew through his veins;
The soldier returned to his early campaigns—
His perilous battles at once fighting o'er,
While the soul of nineteen lit the eye of fourscore.

"I carried my gun, boy, as one that should be
But loosed from the hold of the dead or the free!
I fearlessly lifted that trusty old sword,
In the hand of a mortal, with strength from the Lord!
In battle, my vital flame, freely, I felt,
Should go, but the chains of my country to melt.

"My blood sprinkled warm upon Lexington's sod,
And Charlestown's green height to the war-drum I trod.
From the Fort on the Hudson our arms I depress'd,
The proud, coming sail of the foe to arrest.
I stood at Stillwater, the Lakes and White-Plains,
And offered for freedom to empty my veins.

"Dost now ask me, child, since thou hear'st where I've been,
Why my brow is so furrow'd, my locks white and thin—
Why this faded eye cannot go by the line,
Trace out little beauties, and shine bright as thine;
Or why so unstable his tremulous knees,
Who bore, sixty years since, such perils for thee?

"What! sobbing so quick? are the tears going to start!
Come! lean thy young head on thy grandfather's heart.
It has not much longer to glow with the joy,
I feel, thus to clasp thee, so noble a boy!
But when in earth's bosom it long has been cold,
A man, bear in mind what, a babe, thou art told!"

THE CHASE.

FROM THE LOG BOOK OF RICHARD MIZEN, Q. S.

'A sail!—a sail!—a promised prize to hope!
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?'
CORSAIR.

'Sail, ho!' cried the mast-head-man, as the daylight broke on the U. S. ship —, on a fine morning in June, 18—.

'Whereaway?'

'Off the weather bow—a tawnt brig, with her yards braced up, and all sail set aloft and aloft.'

'How does she set in the water?'

'Light, sir, as a duck!'

'Any sheer in her waist?'

'Straight as a line, sir!'

'Quartermaster, give me the glass.' Lieutenant Smith took a long look. 'The very chap we've been looking for! Mr. Griffin!'

'Sir.'

'Let the Captain know there's a suspicious brig to windward, and the Dog Keys to leeward, right under the fore chains.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' and Mr. Griffin was out of sight in a moment.

'Forecastle, there! out and loose the flying jib; topmen, aloft and shake the reef out the topails, and stand by to let fall topgallant sails; after-guard, man the main sheet; and you, gunners, look out for the arm-chests!'

A dozen 'ay, ays' were bellowed at once. It seemed lieutenant Smith gave all these orders in a breath, and in as short a time, pea and monkey jackets were doffed, and every man in motion. The quickness with which all the commands were executed, gave earnest that the men understood their case, and before their commander appeared on deck, the whole was completed and the ship under full sail.

'Whereaway is this craft, Mr. Smith?' said the captain.

'Just outside the fore-tack, sir.'

Captain L. took a glass and for some time looked steadily in the direction designated. He appeared satisfied, that the vessel in sight was no other than a piratical brig, of which he had been in search.

'The very fellow!' said he, as he dropped the glass from his eye. 'Call all hands, Mr. Smith, and give her the royals;—we must catch that brig before night.'

A moment after, the boatswain's shrill call, succeeded by his gruff 'all hands ahoy,' rung through the ship, and in a few minutes the drowsy sailors, one by one, came bunding up the hatchways, till all were on deck.

By this time the trade wind set in, and the ship gathered headway. Its freshness invigorated all, and with the intelligence of a chase, dispelled the slowness of the men, who had been deprived of their rest, and seated an animated expression on every face. The brig was about two miles distant, and plainly visible to all.

'Cast loose the bow gun, and get her ready for a fire.'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'Is there any current setting towards these keys, Mr. Smith?'

'No, sir; the current sets to the northeast.'

'How close can we scrape the reef?'

'A cable's length will carry us clear.*'

'All ready with the gun, sir,' cried the quarter gunner.

'Fire, then, and plant the shot under her fore foot, and take care not to touch her.'

'Up helm a little—there—steady, steady,' and the quarter gunner lengthened out the last syllable till he got the gun in a fair range.

'Stand clear, and watch the shot,' cried he, as he retreated a pace and pulled the lockstring.—Away went the ball, and all eyes were bent to see the spot it should strike. The aim was fair, for the iron fell close ahead of the brig;—she passed over its wake, and stirred neither tack nor sheet. There was a profound stillness in the ship, for all were surprised that the brig showed no symptoms of obeying the summons, and were unwilling almost to believe their own eyes.—Captain L. participated in the feeling, and it was not until he plainly saw such was the fact, that he ordered the gun to be discharged again.

'The breeze freshens, sir; shall we take in sail?' said Mr. Smith, as the wind whistled sharply through the rigging, and the ship began to plunge heavily into the accumulating waves. Captain L. paid no attention to the remark.—He was absorbed in thinking of the brig.

'Shall we furl the royals, sir?' again demanded the lieutenant; 'the lee chains are under now.'

'Are you ready with that gun?' shouted the captain.

'All ready, sir.'

'Give it to her then, among her spars.'

The ship was for a moment kept away from the wind, and the gun fired. The shot went far over the brig, doing her no damage.

'What are you about there? who trained that gun?' cried the captain.

'I trained it, sir,' replied Palmer, the quarter-gunner, with the rim of his tarpaulin between his thumb and forefinger; 'but the ship was so c'reened to leeward that I could not fire lower.'

At that moment the breeze freshened still more, and the main royal yard snapped in twain. The sail sagged down, and flapped about so furiously as to endanger the mast. Nothing short of this could have diverted captain L.'s attention from the brig: now, the snap of the yard startled him, and he saw he was carrying topgallant sails and royals, when commonly he would have had a reef in the topails.

'Take in those flying kites, sir, and down with the topgallant yards. You'll have the masts over the side presently, and then we may whistle for the brig. In with them, sir.'

Captain L. was in a passion. The truth is, the wind was every instant freshening, and was already nearly half a gale. The ship was foaming and plunging through the seas, without rising upon them, at the rate of nine knots an hour; her masts pitching and jerking with that short, uneasy motion that must, in a very short time, have snapped them, had not the slight accident aloft informed captain L. of the trial he was making of his spars. The lighter sails being in, however, eased them so much, that immediate danger was no longer apprehended, and then at-

*One hundred and twenty fathoms, or 720 feet.

tention was again fixed on the brig. She still held her course, having only taken in her royals. This movement more fully showed her real character; for, in furling them, more men were seen aloft than any merchantman could have spared from deck. By this time the long gun was ready for another fire. Captain L. aimed and fired it himself, but with no better success than Palmer. The shot fell short. The next moment a volume of smoke issued from the weather-side of the brig, and the booming report of a heavy gun came on the increasing gale.

'Does the scoundrel defy me!' cried the captain. 'Beat to quarters, and give him a broadside, right into his hull!'

'The brig bears away before the wind,' cried a man from the jib-boom.

'Hard up the helm, then!' cried the commander; 'up with it, and square the yards.'

'Avast, there!' exclaimed Mr. Smith; 'there's a reef close under the lee bow, and if you keep her away the tenth part of a point, we shall be dashed to pieces in five minutes!'

The order was instantly countermanded.—Captain L. sprang to the lee gangway, and discovered to his dismay the low, black rocks ranged regularly along, not four hundred yards from the ship! He then passed rapidly on to the fore-castle, and threw a hasty glance along the ledge, till his eye rested on the last point. He saw, with the quickness of thought, that he was in a situation from which it would be difficult to escape. The gale rapidly increased. The ship, trembling at every joint, was breaking through the drift and foam, cutting the boiling seas that every moment broke clear over her, deluging her deck with water. Captain L. made his way back to the quarterdeck. 'The peril into which he was unconsciously thrown, brought him completely to himself;—the brig and all else but his ship was forgotten. He was perfectly cool, though quick and nervous in his movements; and a shade of anxiety was discoverable in his face, notwithstanding his effort to suppress all outward demonstration of his feelings.'

'The ship cannot stay in this sea,' said he, in a low, hurried, and half-inquiring tone, to Mr. Smith.

'No, sir; she will never go round in such a swell as this. No human efforts could make her!'

'And she will certainly go to the bottom if we attempt to wear!'

'Certainly!' replied the collected Smith.

'How does that point bear?'

Lieutenant Smith stooped and glanced at its position.

'About two points on the bow, and not half a mile off!'

'Give me the trumpet, sir—give me the trumpet! She must go round, or we'll be smashed in five minutes!' and seizing the trumpet, he shouted, 'ready about,' and the other orders for tacking closely followed. There was a moment of bustle and changing of places among the men, and then all was quiet.

'Are you all ready, forward?'

'All ready, sir!'

'Ease down the helm—handsomely! handsomely! Let fly the jib-sheet!'

The helm was put down, the sheet let go, and

slowly the ship's head came up to the wind, and her sails were slightly shivered. To the success of this movement every man on board looked with a heart swelled almost to bursting, for on it, they knew their safety hung. The seas dashed over her more impetuously—and, for a moment, she stood almost still. This moment was to decide. If the wind caught the head sails aback, the manœuvre would be complete, and the ship safe; if not, she would most likely get stern-way, and the most disastrous result was to be anticipated. Captain L. did not, for an instant, forget his terrible responsibility at that crisis; but gazing intently on the sails, his whole soul seemed wrapped up in the event. His feelings were his men's, who did not, for one moment, withdraw their straining scrutiny from the indicators of their fate. Scarcely a minute had elapsed, yet to them it seemed an age, when slowly the bows of the ship payed off from the wind, and it was apparent she would not go about.

'May she be damned for that!' growled a sailor within hearing of his commander.

'Silence, sir!' exclaimed the captain.

There was a startling solemnity in his tone and manner, evincing a just sense of propriety at a moment so big with the fate of human beings.

'Bring the ship to the wind, quartermaster, and keep her as close as she will lie—touch and go.'

'Touch and go, sir!' was the immovable seaman's reply.

The ship, obedient to her helm, came up, and regained her headway, without having very perceptibly fallen off. By this time the point it was necessary to weather was a few hundred yards distant, and to every man on board, it seemed the merest possible chance to pass it—to strike it, would be certain destruction. The gale still increased, yet captain L. did not dare to start a rope. Every strand was stretched to the utmost. The spars were sprung into the shape of bows. If the ship before dived through the seas, she now seemed to drive them before her, so tremendous was the power with which she was urged onward. Her lee guns dragged in the water, and the lee side of the deck was full of it. Under such a press of canvass, it was only wonderful the masts were not swept from the deck, or the ship capsized. As she neared the point, the feelings of her inmates were wound up to an agonizing pitch. Some stood, with terrified countenances, grasping the rigging; some crept away to a corner, and with their faces buried in their hands, waited in silent dread the consummation; while others gazed with aching eyes on the rocks, as the ship, with appalling rapidity, neared them.

But what sound is that, like the report of a cannon, that comes so stunningly on the ears of all?

'The jib's burst!' yelled a trumpet-toned, unearthly voice from the forward deck;—it seemed the knell of hope!

'Lay out and loose the fore-topmast staysail, and man the halyards!' shouted the undismayed commander; 'move, men, for your lives! quartermaster, keep the ship steady!'

'Steady, to a hair, sir!' was the cool, undaunted reply.

By the time the fore-topmast staysail was hoisted, the ship was directly abreast the point of danger. Then was the agony of that fearful trial, almost beyond mortal hearing! Instead of finding it, what they supposed, a point, of terminating suddenly, they discovered, on approaching it, that the ledge continued in a right line nearly a quarter of a mile! The ship was then so near it that a strong arm might have cast a biscuit on the rocks, and she was sensibly drifting to leeward, under the press of wind and the continued setting of the sea. The water boiled up around her from the rocks below! The spray of the waves was almost thrown back on her deck from the rocks above! Could they hope to escape? Not one man expected to see the setting of that day's sun! Each settled in his own mind to meet his Creator as best he could.—Captain L. was the only man who quailed not amid the furious encounter. With a steady gaze on the sails, he watched the quiver of their edges, and not once removed his eyes from them. He knew that on keeping the ship close to the wind, depended all, and to that he looked, as the arbiter between life and death.

'Luff, quartermaster, luff,' said he in a rapid under-tone, as if uncertain whether the command was correct; 'luff, I think the wind veers!'

'It does, sir; she has come up a point.'

To this reprieving intelligence there was but one drawback in the mind of captain L. The wind, constantly fitful, might suddenly change back to its old point, in which event the headway of the ship would be deadened, and as close to the breakers as she then was, not one hope would be left. But an all-seeing Providence did not so decree it. Still the commander watched the sails, and still the ship came gradually up.—Every moment removed her farther from the breakers. There was a sensible movement throughout the ship. A long drawn sigh burst from the men, and they breathed again, as they saw the distance between them and danger momentarily lessening. At length, the last black rock was left behind, and the weight of torture was removed from their breasts, who, a short time before, were prepared to battle with 'the foaming brine;' and to die on the rocks, whose very existence they now scarce thought of!

Attention was again directed to the brig, and she was perceived almost hull down to leeward, with all sail set. The sea was clear, and captain L. became again intent on the chase.

'Now slap her before the wind,' said he to his lieutenant; 'crack all drawing sail on her from stem, to stern, and before we sleep this night, we'll have her.'

The ardent and steady commander then gave the trumpet to Mr. Smith, and sought his cabin. His feelings had been terribly wrought up, and the revulsion was more overpowering than he was willing to exhibit to those around.

His orders were obeyed with unwonted eagerness and celerity;—the ship like a moving cloud, flies onward through the majestic billows, yet seeming scarce to touch them,

'So gloriously her gallant course she goes.'

Now she lifts her head, sparkling with a million drops, high in air, like a gay caparisoned steed; now plunges it into the hillocks of crested brine, dashing the effervescent spray in snowy and fantastic curls before her prow.—Now resting almost motionless on the apex of an arching sea, or darting forward with accelerated impetuosity;—Now gracefully careening from side to side; then moving steadily, with upright masts, on her winged career, like a sea-bird soaring on the rushing gale:—

'Who would not brave the battle fire,—the wreck,
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?'

Throughout the forepart of the day the wind was still strong; at meridian, it had sensibly diminished; and before the afternoon had half expired, the sudden gale dwindled into the steady trade, the waters subsided, and the ship moved on rapidly, but without labor. The distance between the two vessels was, at sunset, shortened to about two miles.

'We shall have a brush with that fellow, yet,' said captain L. as he relieved his eye from a long scrutiny of the brig, and cast it on a dark cloud that was backing up from the horizon behind.

'Does she show teeth?' demanded Smith.

'Ay; she has unshipped her bright sides and shows a full row; her deck swarms with men too. Are the guns all double-shotted?'

'Yes, sir.'

'The small arms in order?'

'All in perfect order. I have examined them myself. Not a pistol will miss fire, and the out-lashes would brain a man in a child's hand!'

Four hours afterwards, the ship still under a press of sail, captain L. stood where he did in the last conversation with his lieutenant. He had remained, with his eyes riveted on the brig till suddenly, as if she had sunk to the bottom, she disappeared, and it was in vain he swept the horizon with his night glass. Nothing could have startled him more than did this unlooked for vanishing. He certainly had not withdrawn his eyes from her five minutes, altogether, and yet was she gone, and nobody could see her.—The night, too, was unfortunately darker than usual, for much of the sky was overcast with the cloud that first appeared at sunset. Captain L.—to use one of his own expressions—was 'all aback.' He went to the forward part of the ship—then to the gangway—then back to the quarterdeck; and looked in every direction; and it was reduced to a certainty that the brig was nowhere to be seen.

'In the devil's name, what can have become of her!' said he at length; 'this is not the latitude of the Flying Dutchman, or I should think I have been fooling myself with a goblin galliot all day! Are there any rocks about here, Mr. Smith?'

'Not a single breaker on the chart, sir.'

'Then she's afloat, and have her, I will! Mast-head, there!' and without waiting for an answer, he shouted again, 'mast-head, there!'

'Sir!' sounded a voice, as if from the clouds.

'Do you see any thing of that brig?'

'No, sir!'

Captain L. became still more impatient.—Every man on board was set to look out for the

invisible brig; and for half an hour, one hundred and fifty men and three hundred eyes looked out in vain. Never was man so puzzled as captain L. He did not know which way to turn, how to act, and least of all, what to think. There was a mystery about the matter that resisted the touchstone of professional experience and skill. That he should, in turning away for two minutes, have lost sight of the brig, was to him incomprehensible; and was certainly enough to disturb his equanimity.

'If I lose that brig,' said he, impatiently, 'I'll throw up my commission, and swear the prince of darkness himself is cruising in these seas, in an invisible Baltimore brig! Forecastle, there! "Star!"

'Do you see any thing, yet?'

'There's something on the starboard bow, sir, but we can't make it out.'

Captain L. was on the fore-castle in a moment. One look satisfied him. There was the brig, within point-blank distance, and not a rag of canvas abroad.

'Not gone yet, my fly-away! Mr. Smith, down with the studding sails, and beat to quarters!'

The words were hardly from his lips, before every man, as if simultaneously impelled, sprang to a rope, and in a minute, the light sails were lowered from the yards, and thrust below deck. The next, the deck was as silent, and the men as immovable, as if they had become stone under a sorcerer's wand! *They were at quarters!*

Along the deck, at regular intervals, were lighted matches, and battle lanterns, that cast a subdued light on the paraphernalia of war, scattered around in seeming confusion, yet, every article in its proper place, and showed the expression of eagerness combined with stern determination, depicted on the faces of the men. If there be a moment of a sailor's life, when his silent character shines with greatest brilliancy, it is when he momentarily expects a battle to commence. With a swelling heart and a bounding pulse, he stands impatient for the word, no thought of danger or dismay, damping the vigor of his fiery spirit. Yet, is he never more steady in his judgment. That, as his other faculties, strengthened with the emergency, and he exhibits the uncommon spectacle of the intensest passion, guided, controlled, and regulated by an impetuous, but almost unerring judgment. It is then we are taught to admire his character; it is then the darker shades are lost in the halo of brilliancy his manliness and valor throw around him; and we forget that the lion of the battle can be as well the prince of a debauch, and the abject slave of degrading and inhuman passions.

With a steady speed the ship approached the brig. From the moment the guns of the former could be brought to bear, they were trained with exactness against the enemy, now within pistol shot of the ship, and nearly abreast. Not a light was visible about her, and not a sail was spread to break the delicate line of her long and rakish masts against the sky. No human figure showed itself above the bulwarks, save one, that, even in the darkness, appeared commanding, and he was at the helm.

Her long black hull rose and fell gracefully on the swells of the sea, and once in awhile, as she lurched to her side, a line of open ports could be distinguished, which seemed to bid defiance to the approaching ship.

'Brig ahoy!' shouted captain L.

A pause succeeded the hail, in which the crew scarcely breathed, so intent were they on the answer. The only sound was the rushing wave, and the flapping of the ropes swayed to and fro by the vessel's motion. No answer came.

'Brig ahoy!' again cried captain L., more vehemently.

'Hilloa!' came back upon the wind, in a clear, strong, and sonorous voice.

'What brig is that?'

There was no reply; but slowly, and as if by preternatural agency, the brig's sails were loosened and distended to their limits. No living creature was seen to effect this movement. No one could be perceived on the yards, and the man first seen, was the only one on deck. It seemed the work of magic.

'If you do not answer, I will fire into you!'

'Fire, if you please!' was the taunting and contemptuous answer.

'Stand by!' cried captain L.

'Stand by!' was heard from the brig, in an elevated, commanding, and determined tone.

Captain L., still willing to spare an inferior foe, exclaimed:

'Will you answer me? What brig is that?'

'No!' shouted the solitary of the brig.

'Fire!' screamed captain L.

'Fire!' yelled the other.

At the word, the broadsides of both vessels were discharged. As the sheeted flame burst forth, the ocean far round was lighted up with an intense, momentary blaze, and millions of sparks hung for awhile, between the vessels, and gradually sinking to the water, were extinguished. Instantly succeeding the report, were the crash of timbers, and the groans of the wounded. Unheeded they fell, and their cries reached not the ears of comrades, who, at any other time, would have flown to their relief; now, the spell of battle was on every heart: the timid grew brave; the feeble, strong; the courageous, lion-like! For a short time, the wind was lulled by the concussion of the discharge, and the cloud of smoke hung upon the surface of the sea, completely concealing the combatants from each other, till the breeze resumed its supremacy, and swept it onward, and they emerged to view.

Again the lightning of their broadsides glared upon the sea, and their thunder roared, mixed up with the thunder of the clouds, and the fitful gusts of a gathering storm. A heavy, impenetrable darkness reigned, save close by the water's surface. Extending a few feet above that, was a subdued, sickly brilliance; the ocean had put on its mantle of light, and in every direction, as far as the eye could span, the breaking waves looked, as if on every crest was lighted a pale white fire, till the entire expanse seemed a vivid sheet of dancing flame. The effect was magnificent, and inspiring, heightened, as it was, for a moment after the fire of the vessels, by the flying shot, as they bounded and rushed through the waters, leaving a train of awakened light, like

lightning, streaming over the face of the vasty deep!

Before the hostile vessels were prepared for a third discharge, the clouds that had been steadily gathering overhead, opened, and a deluge of rain, accompanied with a violent wind, an almost unintermitted stream of lightning, and one constant peal of deafening thunder, poured down upon them! Further combat was impossible. The full terrors of a tropical storm were above and around them. The wind almost instantaneously strengthened into a furious gale, and in the tumult consequent on a visitation so sudden and unprovided for, the vessels were separated.

During the greater part of the night, the ship lay to under short sail, and when the day dawned again, no vestige of the brig was visible.

Western Magazine.

The following lines are the production of a lady, who, for the last ten years, has been confined to her chamber by a lingering and painful affliction. They breathe noble sentiments, and evidence a well informed mind, which has preserved its freshness and vigour in spite of bodily suffering and the encroachings of disease. We lay them before our readers with great pleasure, and while we sincerely sympathise with our correspondent in her afflictions, we cannot but congratulate her on the possession of intellectual powers, from which she must necessarily derive great solace, and which enable her, as it were, to triumph over the frailness of human nature.

Art of cultivating Friendship, made known in a Dream.

Imperial night, her banner had unfurled,
And reigned in solemn silence o'er the world;
When sunk, by downy sleep, to soft repose,
This shining vision to my fancy rose.
The great Apollo, on a lofty throne
My ears saluted in a melting tone;
Around his temples shone a halo bright,
And Iris's bow imbibed the beams of light—
Flames from his eyes, and his immortal lyre
Re-echoed numbers of enchanting fire.
Friendship, sweet friendship, was his ardent theme,
Which long I had conceived an empty dream;
At least on earth, and to the skies confined,
And for our fallen nature too refined.

This shining sovereign of the tuneful train,
(While sweet contagion ran through every vein.)
Assured me, that the seeds of friendship lie
Neglected, and for want of culture die.
I'll teach you this Elysian plant to rear,
And while it blossoms in a terrestrial sphere,
Its odours shall a heavenly balm impart,
To cheer the spirits, and improve the heart.
Let virtue in thy breast erect her throne,
And friendship will not let her reign alone.
For these fair sisters, travel hand in hand,
And strength impart, as either strength demand.
Virtue is tender, though she is heavenly fair,
And must be cherished with officious care;
But while her growth your daily cares demand,
She lends her sister a supporting hand.

Fair science, early, should those minds refine,
Who would their hearts in leagues of friendship join.
Sweet flowers are cherished by Parnassian dews,
And knowledge tender sentiments infuse.
With caution shun that popular mistake,
Nor this nice principle for passion take,
That often sways the low and vicious breast,
Where sacred friendship seems to be a guest.

Receive, O! thoughtless youth, a God's advice,
And early learn true wisdom from the wise;
Of their assistance you are much in need—
Without it, virtue's paths you cannot tread;
And vice corrosive—social pleasures' bane,
Dissolves the links of friendship's golden chain.
The tyrant, fashion, too, corrupts the heart,
And love of gold, subdues with magic art.
Fly those enchantments, friendship to enjoy,
For they its richest harvest will destroy.

Receive the sacred word, its hallowed strains
Are sung with joy, on Eden's blissful plains:
They kindle here the same celestial love
That fires the disembodied saints above.
Each page emits a soul-reviving light,
To dissipate the gloom of mental night.

While these last notes were rolling from his lyre,
My spirit caught the sweet celestial fire—
Those flowery pages of Eternal truth,
Shall be the guide and comfort of my youth:
There will I range with ever new delight,
Where clustering glories every sense invite.

The tuneful God now stretch'd his wings for flight—
Stay, stay, I cried, and bless my longing sight;
But rapid in his flight, he spurn'd my prayer,
And the sweet vision melted into air.

THE WIND IN THE WOODS.

'Tis a pleasant sight on a vernal day,
When shadow and sun divide the heaven,
To watch the south wind wake up for play:—
Not on the sea where ships are riven—
Not on the mountain, mid rain and storm,
But when earth is sunny and green and warm,
O woodland wind, how I love to see
Thy beautiful strength in the forest tree!

Lord of the oak, that seems lord of the wild,
Thou art shaking his crown and thousand arms,
With the ease of a spirit, the glee of a child,
And the pride of a woman who knows her charms;
And the poplar bends like a merchant's mast,
His leaves, though they fall not, are fluttering fast:
And the beach, and the lime, and the ash-crown'd hill,
Stirs to its core at thy wandering will.

The pines that uprear themselves dark and tall,
Black knights of the forest so stately and old,
They must bow their heads when they hear thy call,
Aye, bow like the lilly, those Norsemen bold;
And every tree of the field or bower,
Or single in strength, or many in power,
Quiver and thrill from the leaf to the stem,
For the unseen wind is master of them!

It is gallant play, for the sun is bright,
And the rivulet sings a merrier song;
The grain in the meadow waves dark and light,
As the trees fling shade, or the breeze is strong.
And over the hills, whether rocky or green,
Troops of the noonday ghosts are seen;
The lovely shadows of lovelier clouds,
With the gloom of the mountains amongst their crowds.

The birds as they fly scarce use their wings,
They are borne upon those of the wind to-day;
And their plumage is ruffled, like all green things,
And flowers, and streams, by his noisy play.
One hour,—and valley, and wood, and hill,
May be sleeping and shining all bright and still;
Not a wave, not a leaf, not a spray in motion,
Of all which now looks like a vernal ocean—
Beautiful this;—yet I love to see
Thy strength, O wind, in the forest tree!

From the *New England Magazine*.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MATTHEW CANN.

LETTER I.

"Eteno emu. E hument a me nikakumu pito."

THANOK.

DEAR Sir,

Several months have elapsed since you requested to be furnished with an autobiographical sketch of my life, or with materials from which you might yourself form a sketch. Doubts of the propriety of the measure—various occupations which pressed me at the time—and a spirit of procrastination—a leading trait in my character—combined to postpone a decision on the subject till now, when, on mature consideration, I have determined to comply with your request.

Among the motives which have led to this decision, a prominent one, be assured, is a hope that the sketch I propose to give, however deficient it may be of entertainment, beyond of the thrilling scenes of interest—the strokes of humor—the frequent anecdotes, wherewith many autobiographies abound, (for which, by the way, I suspect in various cases the writers draw on their imaginations for their facts,*) it can hardly fail to have a beneficial tendency, by a display of the overwhelming difficulties and dangers, with which I have had to struggle for a full third part of my life, when I was almost daily on the verge of bankruptcy, dangers which I could not have overcome but by the most unflinching perseverance and industry. The example of the favorable result of that perseverance and industry, may encourage others in similar enterprises, who are despairing, and on the point of yielding to the pressure of difficulties to buffet the waves, and finally reach the haven of ease and comfort in their old age. The hope that this result may, and the belief that it will, take place in many instances, afford encouragement to this undertaking, and will supply compensation for the time bestowed on the composition. It may not be amiss here to state two classical passages, which most completely strengthened me in my difficulties, when I was on the point of sinking.

"Revoctate animos; mentemque timorem."

"Mittite. *Foras & hoc olim ministrare solent.*"

Virgil.

This prophetic aspiration has been fully realized. It is a delightful to look on the storms by which my poor bark was so often and so long assailed, and which for years threatened it with inevitable destruction.

"Struat urbes—sevit pluvialis secundæ—"

Horat.

In addition to these aids, I had three constant stimuli guiding my sails, whenever, as often happened, the energies of my body and mind were prostrated, and I was on the point of "giving up the ship." These were—the dread of poverty in old age—the claims of an increasing and interesting family—and the horror of obliging other people to pay my debts, as would necessarily have been the case, had I stopped payment. So much for preface. Now to the thread of my story.

I was born in Dublin, on the 28th of January, 1780. My father carried on the useful, but not highly prized, occupation of a baker, in which, by indelible honesty, increasing industry, and rigid economy, he made a handsome fortune.

Of my early days I have a very faint recollection, except, on one point, the wonderfully slow development of my faculties. I was less advanced in intellect at ten or twelve years of age, than many children in this country, at six or eight. In fact, I was in the rear of all the young people of my age and acquaintance. My perceptions were slow and immature. I was, truly, an extremely dull boy. I had, however, a considerable

aptitude for arithmetical exercises, and for the acquisition of languages, the latter of which was my ruling passion. Had I been adequately encouraged, and been provided with the proper "means and appliances," I am persuaded that, before I was twenty-one, I should have attained a knowledge not only of all the modern languages of Europe, but of the most important of the ancient ones. This will appear probable, when I state, that, after about seven weeks hard study, without a master, I was enabled to read, and perfectly understand, French prose with great ease, and had little difficulty with the poetry of the language. It must, however, be observed, that I studied in the long days of summer, from sunrise to sun-set, fifteen or sixteen hours, and scarcely allowed myself time for my meals. So that I studied, as much in one month, as learners generally do in six, perhaps in twelve. In this case, too, I had suitable French books with English translations, nearly literal; among the number, the most prominent and useful were French Faber, Talemagne, and Les Voyages de Cyrus.

My education, like that of other lads of my rank in life, was extremely limited, and confined to the rudiments of the English language, arithmetic, and a slight smattering of Latin. Those who know the wide range of education at the present day, can scarcely conceive the extraordinary disadvantages under which children labored seventy years ago, particularly in Ireland. Of books, uniting entertainment with instruction, calculated for young people, I do not recollect to have seen six, perhaps I might say three. A large portion of the reading of young people of that day, for amusement, was confined to Don Quixotes of Cervantes, Gesta Romanorum, the Seven Champions of Christendom, the Seven Wise Masters of Greece, Guy Earl of Warwick, &c. &c.; and for the improvement of their morals and manners, the history of Friar, and of the Irish Rogues and Rapparees, &c. &c.

One particular worthy of notice is, that, by an anomaly probably of rare occurrence, although I had, as I have observed, a peculiar aptitude for common arithmetic, in which I made considerable progress, I never was able, notwithstanding various efforts, to master the rudiments of mathematics, a kindred science; and I presume, according to Spurzheim, the philosophical butting that indicate the former, would equally indicate the latter.

When I was about fifteen years of age, it became necessary to choose a trade. I was decidedly in favor of that of printer and bookbinder, which were then generally united. I had fixed my mind on them from the time I was five or six years of age. My father had a strong aversion to them—so strong, indeed, that while he gave me my choice of any other of the twenty-five corporations that existed in Dublin, he absolutely refused to look out a master for me at those trades—and, therefore, I walked out to procure one for myself, and at length found one, a bookbinder, of the name of McDonald, who, during the period of my apprenticeship, changed it to McDonald, as a more respectable name. Being very poor, he was tempted, by the apprenticeship fee, thirty guineas, to take me, although he had but little occasion for my services. My father was to board me on Sundays, and to pay for my washing.

My harness, which took place when I was about a year old, through the carelessness of my nurse, was about as great a grievance to me as his to Lord Byron—not probably from the same motives. It operated on his vanity, and thus was felt daily and hourly. I was amused by the taunts and jeers and inequities of my school and play-fellows, who, humanely, as is usual in such cases, omitted no opportunity of teasing me, and reminding me of a misfortune, of which I have felt the disadvantage almost every day of my life.

Had surgical aid been called in at an early period,

this calamity might have been remedied, and I been secured from the various unpleasant and injurious consequences by which it was attended; among which a leading one was, that, by disabling me from associations with those of my own age, in which pedestrianism was involved, I gradually contracted a timidity and backwardness, which have "grown with my growth," and at every period of my life have had a pernicious operation on my career. This effect was greatly aided by the austere system under which I was brought up at home.

Mr. McDonnell was a hard, austere master, of most repelling manners. He never, in a single instance, expressed approbation of my conduct, however careful or industrious I was.

I had been a great, indeed a voracious reader, before I was bound apprentice—and had clandestinely subscribed to a circulating library, contrary to the wishes, and indeed without the knowledge, of my parents, who were opposed to the kind of books which, alone, I was desirous of reading. I used to be dissatisfied that I could not exchange books oftener than once a day. I used to sit up till twelve and one o'clock, reading novels and romances. Yet now, when attending a book-store, as I did for two years, where there was scarcely any business done, and where, of course, I had leisure to read four-fifths of my time, I did not read as much in a month as I was wont to do in a week. Strange perversity of our nature! which leads us to pursue with avidity whatever is forbidden or attainable only with difficulty, and to neglect the same things when courting our acceptance!

My first essay, as a writer, was when I was about seventeen years of age, and was on the subject of duelling. One of my fellow apprentices, T. McMahon, had a sparring match with the apprentice of a ruffian bookseller, of the name of Wogan, whose work was executed in McDonnell's office, which terminated, as sparring matches generally do, in a downright battle royal, in which the latter was completely discomfited; and carried off, as memorials of his defeat, a pair of black eyes and a bloody nose. He complained to his master, as if he had been wantonly and wickedly assailed. Wogan came to demand satisfaction and an apology from McMahon; who, being a lad of spirit, refused to comply, unless the apology were mutual, as the offence had been. Wogan was exasperated, and made his lad send a challenge to McMahon to meet him to decide the affair in the Phoenix Park, on the Sunday morning following. McMahon was as bold as a lion in combat with the fists or cudgels, but dreaded, with Bob Acres, "*double-barrelled swords and cut-and-thrust pistols.*" He was in dread of the rencontre the remainder of the week; but was relieved from his perplexity by the interference of McDonnell, who forbade him to appear on the ground. Wogan was quite serious; went with his lad to the Park at the appointed time; waited for half an hour; and came home vaporing and threatening to poet McMahon.—Feeling indignant at this ruffianly conduct, I wrote an essay on duelling, showing its wickedness and absurdity, and detailing the number of persons who had fallen sacrifices to the horrid custom in France, under Henry IV. closing with this observation—

"These remarks are offered to the public in consequence of an attempt made by Mr. W. not a hundred miles from the Old Bridge, to produce a duel between two apprentice lads. Quere. If one or both had been disabled from earning a livelihood, would Mr. W. have supported him or them?"

The essay was published in the *Hibernian Journal*, a paper, of which McDonnell was half proprietor, but the management of which was left to his partner, a Mr. Mills. The MS. was sent for—my writing was known—I was severely reprimanded—and, to propitiate Wogan, McMahon, who was an unprotected orphan, was

basely dismissed. But the unworthy sacrifice did not avail. Wogan was implacable, and withdrew his work from McDonnell.

My next essay was attended with much more serious consequences, and rendered me for a time a voluntary exile from my country.

I had directed my attention, at this early day, to the horrible oppression of the Irish Catholics, and had read every book and pamphlet I could procure, respecting the tyranny exercised on them, and the calumnies with which, for the purpose of justifying that tyranny, they were overwhelmed. With my mind filled with their sufferings, and my indignation roused, in the year 1779, I wrote a pamphlet entitled

"The urgent necessity of an immediate repeal of the whole Penal Code against the Roman Catholics, candidly considered; to which is added an inquiry into the prejudices entertained against them; being an appeal to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, exciting them to a just sense of their civil and religious rights, as citizens of a free nation."

"Beware, ye Senators. Look round in time;
Rebellion is not fixed to any clime;
In trade, religion, every way oppressed,
You'll find—too late—such wrongs must be redressed.
Seize quick the time—for now—consider well—
Whole quarters of the world at once rebel."

LADY LIFCAN.
"Cuncta prius tentanda; sed immedicabile volnus
Ense recusandum."

When nearly finished at press, I advertised it for publication in a few days—and the tide page, with its daring mottoes, was published in the newspapers—together with an address couched in very strong language, of which the following is an extract:—

TO THE ROMAN CATHOLICS OF IRELAND.

"At a time when America, by a desperate effort, has nearly emancipated herself from slavery; when, laying aside ancient prejudices, a Catholic king becomes the avowed patron of Protestant freemen; when the tyranny of a British Parliament over Ireland, has been annihilated by the intrepid spirit of Irishmen; it is a most afflicting reflection, that you, my countrymen, the majority of that nation, which has shaken off an unjust English yoke, remain still enchained by one infinitely more galling; that you are, through your own pusillanimity, daily insulted by impudent menacing advertisements, from insignificant parts of the kingdom; that a few tyrannical bigots in Meath and Wexford, presume to take into their own hands, the legislative and executive part of our government, and, with a dictatorial power, prescribe laws to their fellows subjects."

The plan of the pamphlet was a good one, but the execution was as might be expected from a young man, little experienced in writing, quite puerile.

The publication excited a considerable alarm, grounded on the tenor of the mottoes; for in fact the body of the pamphlet was wholly inoffensive, as it consisted principally of extracts recommending the charges made against the Roman Catholics, with interlocutory matter. Parliament was then sitting; and the advertisement was brought before both houses; by the Duke of Leinster, in the House of Lords, and by Sir Thomas Connolly, in the House of Commons. It was adduced as full proof of the seditious and treasonable views of the Roman Catholics, and made use of by their enemies, in and out of Parliament, to show how unworthy they were of the favors, as they were called, which the Parliament was then preparing to accord to that persecuted and oppressed body. These pretended favors were some not very important relaxations of the cruel chains which had been accumulating for nearly a century—a relaxation, solely the result of the terror excited

by the revok of the American Colonists—the French war—and the Volunteers.

There was, at that period, an association in Dublin, elected by the Roman Catholics, to manage their concerns, and to plead their cause with the government.—It partook of the general depression and servile spirit, which, a long course of oppression uniformly produces. It was, in a word, the most servile body in Europe, and as unlike the Emmetts, the Shearnes, the Saursons, the McElevens, of the Insurrection of 1798, or the Sheels, and the O'Connells of the present day, as the availing Parliament of Charles II. which established passive obedience and non-resistance, by law, was to the glorious and immortal band who signed the Declaration of Independence, in 1776.

This engaging body, to make fair weather with the government, and to clear themselves of any participation in the seditious publication, called a meeting, headed by the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, and by Lord Kenmare, and embracing nearly all the influential Catholics of Dublin; denounced the atrocious advertisement in strong terms; offered a reward-of, as well as I remember, forty pounds, for the discovery of the author, and engaged lawyers to carry on the prosecution in the event of a discovery.

I need not say that my father, who had no suspicion that one of his offspring was about to expose him to so much trouble and expense, was extremely alarmed.—He took measures to have the publication suppressed—and the types of those parts not yet printed off, viz. the preface, introduction, and four pages of persuasion, were distributed, and, of course, never worked off. To the Catholic Committee an offer was made of burning the edition, provided the idea of a prosecution were given up. This offer was rejected, and a fierce prosecution was determined on.

During the consequences, it was determined, after I had been concealed for four or five days, to send me out of danger; and I was put on board a Hobbhead packet, with a few guineas in my pocket, to proceed to Paris, with a letter to Dr. Franklin, who had a small printing-office at Passy, a village in the neighbourhood of Paris, for the purpose of re-printing his despatches from America, and other papers. He engaged me, and I officiated in his office for some months, when, not having occasion for me any longer, I went to work with Dubé le Janu, who was then engaged in printing some English books, where I did not remain long—for in about twelve months from the commencement of my exile, the storm having blown over, I returned to Dublin.

During the time when I was at Passy, an invasion of Ireland was contemplated by the French; and the Marquis de la Fayette, who was then in Paris, and was probably intended to take a part in the enterprise, called on me, to make inquiries on the political state of that country. But I was utterly unable to give any information on the subject, as I had lived in a state of total seclusion from public affairs, of which I knew little or nothing. I was as complete a green horn as ever was brought into trouble by the crude productions of this pen.

During my absence, the residue of my term of apprenticeship was purchased from Mr. McDowell, and, on my return home, I engaged for a time as contributor of a paper, called the Freeman's Journal. At length, on the 13th of October, 1783, when I was nearly twenty-four years of age, my father gave me otherwise to establish a new paper, called the Volunteer's Journal. I was eminently qualified for such an occupation, which required no small degree of tact, of experience of the world, and considerable prudence, in all of which, I was greatly deficient. I had a superabundance of zeal and ardor, and a tolerable knack and facility of scribbling. These were all the

qualifications I possessed for the management of a patriotic paper, the object of which was to defend the commerce, the manufactures, and the political rights of Ireland against the oppression and encroachments of Great-Britain.

The paper, as might have been expected, partook largely of the character of its proprietor and editor. Its career was enthusiastic and violent. It suited the temper of the times; exercised a decided influence on public opinion; and, in a very short time, had a greater circulation than any other paper in Dublin, except the Evening Post, which had the great merit of calling into existence that glorious band of brothers, the volunteers of Ireland, whose zeal and determined resolution to assert and defend the rights of their country, struck terror into the British Cabinet, and forced the ministry to knock off chains that had bound down the nation for centuries, and blasted the industry, the energies, and the manifold blessings bestowed by nature on that happily favoured island.

The Volunteer's Journal, fanning the flame of patriotism which pervaded the land, excited the indignation of the government, which formed a determination to put it down, if possible. A prosecution had been for a considerable time contemplated; and at length, the storm which so threatened, burst, in consequence of a publication which appeared on the 5th of April, 1784, in which the Parliament in general, and more particularly the Premier, were severely attacked.

On the 7th of April, the paper in question was introduced into the House of Commons, and after considerable debate,

"Mr Foster moved that an address be presented to the Lord Lieutenant, requesting that he will please issue his proclamation, offering a reward for suppressing Matthew Carey's Parliamentary Register, or history of the proceedings and debates of the House of Commons in Ireland. The first session of the fourth Parliament in the reign of his present Majesty, which met the 14th of October, 1783, and ended the 14th of May, 1784. Vol. III. page 153.

Besides this procedure, a prosecution was instituted against me, for the libel against the Premier.

I kept myself retired for a few days, with a bare room door. But imprudently venturing into the office at an early hour in the morning, unperceiving of danger, I was apprehended by a Police Officer on the 11th of April, to answer for the libel. I was brought before the sitting magistrates, and simple bail was offered for my appearance; but various difficulties were started, in order to afford an opportunity to the Sergeant-at-arms of the House of Commons to take me out of the hands of the civil magistrates, which he accordingly did, and conveyed me to his house, where I was treated with considerable rigor. I was not allowed the free use of pen, ink, and paper—not free converse with my friends. An armed sentinel was placed in my room, and one out side the door, besides a guard at the street door.

As an adjournment of Parliament had taken place, I was held in close custody in the house of Mr. L'Estrange, Sergeant-at-arms.

On the 15th of April, Parliament met, after the recess, when I was brought before the House of Commons, and interrogatories being put to me, I refused to answer them, on the ground that, having been arrested by the civil power, and being under prosecution for the supposed libel, I was not amenable to another tribunal. I then preferred a complaint against the Sergeant-at-arms, under three heads:—

1. That I had been denied the free use of pen, ink, and paper, every thing I wrote being inspected by that gentleman.

2. That my friends were occasionally denied access to me; and

3. That a sentry was constantly in my room, with a drawn bayonet, and one outside.

"Mr. L'Estrange admitted the three several charges, and justified his conduct under each.

"He said that from the time of his bringing Mr. Carey home to his house, he was in continual apprehension of his being rescued by a mob; that he considered himself in a very dangerous situation while he had him in his house; as to denying admission to the friends of Mr. Carey, he confessed, that once or twice he did deny persons admission; but this was on account of the great confusion, which the concourse of persons, assembled about Mr. Carey, occasioned in his family; and as to the third charge, he justified his conduct by declaring that he was every moment in apprehension of a mob assembling to rescue Mr. Carey. Upon the whole, he said, that, having a prisoner such as Mr. Carey in his charge, was a new situation to him; that he had received no advice or direction from any one how he should conduct himself, but had acted with caution to the best of his knowledge, and with a sincere desire to discharge his duty faithfully." Idem, p. 183.

Notwithstanding Mr. L'Estrange's confession of the truth of the charges, it will astonish the reader to find, that

"Mr. Gardiner read two resolutions, the first declaring the charge against Mr. L'Estrange, *ill-grounded and malicious*—and the last an approbation of Mr. L'Estrange's conduct." Idem, p. 184.

This barefaced conduct called forth the reprobation of several independent members, among whom Sir Edward Crofton, Mr. Griffith, Sir Edward Newenham, and William Todd Jones, were the most conspicuous. I was allowed to produce evidence in support of the charges against Mr. L'Estrange, which I fully established.

"As to the person at the bar," observed Mr. Crofton, "I never saw him before this hour. I cannot therefore be deemed guilty of partiality to him, in speaking one word in the cause of humanity. Sir, the treatment that that person has received, has been unprecedented. He has been forcibly taken out of the power of the civil magistrate, and *confined a close prisoner; denied the use of pen, ink, and paper, and surrounded by a military band.* Sir, as I passed through Abbey street, I was surprised to see *triple rows of soldiers drawn up* before the house of your Sergeant-at-arms. The thing is too ridiculous. One would think so great a force was to guard some person of gigantic strength—a Gulliver in Lilliput—and not a poor puny printer in Dublin." Idem, p. 171.

"Mr. William Todd Jones said he would negative Mr. Gardiner's resolutions, though he should stand alone; because the charges brought by Mr. Carey against the Sergeant-at-arms, were *supported by sufficient evidence*, and were also *admitted by that officer himself.* And those charges exhibited such arbitrary proceedings as were totally inadmissible in, and repugnant to the spirit of, all free countries—that to declare Mr. L'Estrange's conduct to Mr. Carey to have been constitutional, he thought would be to establish a very dangerous precedent, and such as he conceived would be as degrading to that House, as it would be tyrannical and intolerable in a free state." Idem, p. 186.

After much debate,

"Mr. Gardiner rose, and declared himself convinced, by Mr. Carey substantiating his charges, of the impropriety of the first resolution he had read; for which reason he moved, that the conduct of Mr. L'Estrange, Deputy Sergeant-at-arms, to Matthew Carey, while in his custody, was *cautious, firm, and humane.*" Idem, p. 185.

This resolution, notwithstanding its manifest injustice and falsehood, so far as regarded "*humane conduct*," was carried by a majority of 40—43 in the affirmative, and 3 in the negative.

I was ordered, by the House of Commons, to be committed to Newgate, where I remained until the 14th of May, when, Parliament having adjourned, and their power of detention in prison having ceased, I was triumphantly liberated by the Lord Mayor.

During my stay there, I had lived jocosely—companies of gentlemen occasionally dining with me on the choicest luxuries the markets afforded.

Although thus freed from the clutches of the Parliament, the criminal prosecution for the libel on John Foster, the Premier, like the sword of Damocles—was suspended over my head. It would, it is true, have been impossible, in the inflamed state of the public mind, to procure a grand jury to find a bill against me. But that salutary and protective process was suspended by the Attorney-General, filing a bill against me, *ex officio*, which dispensed with the interposition of a grand jury.

My means having been in a great measure exhausted, in the establishment of the Volunteer's Journal, and dreading the consequences of a prosecution, and a heavy fine and imprisonment, which would probably be the result of a conviction, my friends, on due consideration, were decidedly of opinion, that it would be advisable to withdraw from my native country; and accordingly, on the 7th of September, 1784, when I had not reached my twenty-fifth year, my pen drove me a second time into exile. I embarked on board the America, Captain Keller, and landed in Philadelphia, on the first of November. I was concealed aboard the vessel till she was out at sea, as some of the myrmidons of government came on board, two or three times, in search of me, while the vessel lay in the harbour. I got on board in female dress, and must have cut a very gawky figure, when proceeding to the corner of a street adjacent to my dwelling, where a coach was ready to receive and convey me on board.

I had sold my paper to my brother for £500, so be remitted to me as soon as practicable. I had but twenty-five guineas in my pocket, of one half of which I was cheated on the passage by a band of sharpers.

Yours respectfully,

Philadelphia, Oct. 4, 1833. MATTHEW CAREY.

THE LIFE-BOAT.*

"The life-boat! the life-boat! when tempests are dark,
She's the beacon of hope to the foundering bark!
When midst the wild roar of the hurricane's sweep,
The minute guns boom like a knell on the deep.

The life-boat! the life-boat! the whirlwind and rain,
And white crested breakers, oppose her in vain;
Her crew are resolved, and her timbers are staunch,
She's the vessel of mercy—God speed to her launch!

The life-boat! the life-boat! how fearless and free
She wins her bold course o'er the wide-rolling sea!
She bounds o'er the surge with gallant diadems,
She has stemmed them before, and she'll stem them again!

The life-boat! the life-boat! she's manned by the brave,
In the noblest of causes commissioned to save;
What heart but has thrilled in the seaman's distress,
At the life-boat's endeavors, the life-boat's success!

The life-boat! the life-boat! no vessel that sails,
Has stemm'd such rough billows, and weather'd such gales:
Not e'en Nelson's proud ship, when his death-strife was won,
Such true glory achieved as the life-boat has done!"

* "This song has appeared in a volume entitled "Patriotic Songs," by Agnes and Susanah Strickland, dedicated by permission to the King of England."

DICK DOLEFUL.

A Sketch from Nature.

It was to the late Captain Chronic, R. N., I am indebted for the pleasure of being very slightly acquainted with Richard Doleful, Esquire. The father of Dick had, during the Captain's long and frequent absence on service, acted as his agent and footman; receiving his pay and his prize-money, managing his disbursements, and investing the annual surplus to the best advantage; and he incline to attribute to old Chronic's kindly and grateful remembrance of the father, rather than to any personal regard for the son, his tolerance of the latter as the almost daily visitor at his house. Dick's "good friends" are "sorry to admit" that there are many bad points about him; his "best friends" compassionate him into the possession of ten times more; hence it may be inferred that Dick, upon the whole, is a much better person than the best of his friends. Yet even I, who do not presume to be his friend, consequently have no motive for speaking in his disparagement, must allow him to be a very unpleasant fellow. Now, as the term "unpleasant fellow" may be variously interpreted, I would have it distinctly understood that I do not mean to accuse him of ever having thrashed his grandmother, or kicked his father down stairs, or poisoned a child, or set fire to a barn, or buried a female, young, beautiful and virtuous, or encouraged an organ-grinder or a Scotch bagpiper to make a hideous noise under his window, or, in short, of any enormous wickedness; I mean—and whether his case may be rendered better or worse by the explanation, must depend upon individual taste—I mean only that he is a bore.

For the last three years of his life, the Captain, whose health was gradually declining under the effects of an uncurred and incurable wound in the side, had scarcely ever quitted his house; and for a considerable portion of that period he was unable, without assistance, to move from his sofa. In addition to his sufferings from his glorious wound, he was subject to the occasional attacks of inglorious gout, and of three times a day from Dick Doleful. Under such a complication of ailments, his case, both by his friends and his physicians, had long been considered hopeless. Indeed the Captain himself seemed aware of the fatal character of the last-named malady; and more than once expressed an opinion, that if he could be relieved from that, he had strength and stamina sufficient to conquer the others. I paid him a visit one day, and entered his room just as Mr. Doleful was leaving it.—Doleful sighed audibly, shook his head, muttered "Our poor dear friend!" and withdrew. This, from any other person, I should have construed into a hint that our "poor dear friend" was at his last gasp; but being acquainted with Mr. Doleful's ways, I approached the Captain as usual, shook his hand cordially, and, in a cheerful tone, inquired how he was getting on.

"Ah, my dear fellow," said he, at the same time slowly lifting his head from the sofa-cushion, "I'm glad to see you; it does me good; you ask me how I do, and you look, and you speak as if you thought there was some life in me. But that Mr. Doleful!—Here he comes, Sir, three times a day; walks into the room on tiptoe, as if he thought I had 'nt nerve to bear the creaking of a shoe; touches the tip of one of my fingers as if a cordial gasp would shatter me to atoms; and says, 'Well, how d'ye do now, Captain?' with such a look, and in such a tone!—it always sounds to my ears, 'What! ar'n't you dead yet, Captain?' Then he sits down in that chair; speaks three words in two hours, and that in a whisper; pulls a long face; squeezes out a tear—his dismal undertaker-countenance lowering over me all the while! I'm not a nervous man, but—" and here he rose from his sofa, struck a blow on a table which made every article upon it spin, and

roared out in a voice loud enough to be heard from stem to stern of his old seventy-four, the Thunderer—"I'm not a nervous man; but d—n me if he doesn't sometimes make me fancy I'm riding in a hearse to my own funeral, with him following as chief mourner. I shall die of him one of these days," added he emphatically, "I know I shall."

"He is not exactly the companion for an invalid," said I: "the cheerful address of a friend, and his assuring smile, are important auxiliaries to the labours of the physician: whilst, on the contrary, the—"

"Aye, aye; the bore of such visits as his! They would make a sound man sick, and hasten a sick man to the grave. And, then, that face of his! I could 'nt help saying to him the other day, that when I shot away the figure-head of the French frigate, *la Larmoyeuse*, I should have liked to have his to stick up in its place."

"It is evident his visits are irksome and injurious to you. Why then, do you encourage them?"

"I don't encourage them, and if he had any feeling he would perceive I don't; but bores have no feeling. Besides, I can't altogether help myself. His father was useful to me; he managed my money-matters at home when I was afloat—a kind of work I never could have done for myself—and so well, too, that I consider my present independence as of his creating. Remembering this, I could not decently toss the son out of window, do you think I could? Eh?"

My honest opinion upon the matter being one which might have put the Captain to some trouble at his next interview with the gentleman in question, I suppressed it, and merely observed, "Mr. Doleful has told me how useful his father was to you."

"Aye, and so he tells everybody, and so he reminds me as often as I see him, and that's the bore. Now, I am not an ungrateful man, and am as little likely as any one to forget a friend, or a friend's son; but every time this king of the Dismals reminds me of my obligation, I consider the debt of gratitude as somewhat diminished: so that if I live much longer, the score will be entirely rubbed out, and then, d—n me, but I will toss him out of window."

After a momentary pause the Captain resumed:—

"Then, there's another bore of his. We take physic because we are obliged to take it: it isn't that we like it, you know; nobody does, that ever I heard of. Now, he fancies that I can't relish my medicine from any hands but his, and he will stand by when I take my pills, and my draughts, and my powders. Ipecacuanha and Dick Doleful! *Heugh!* two does at once! Will you believe it my dear fellow? the two ideas are so connected in my mind that I never see physic without thinking of Dick Doleful, nor Dick Doleful without thinking of physic. I must own I don't like him the better for it, and that he might perceive. But, as I said before, bores have no feeling—they have no perceptions—they have no one faculty in nature but the faculty of boring the very soul out of your body."

Seeing me take a book from amongst several which lay on the table, he continued: "Aye; there's Mr. Dick again! I send him to get books to amuse me, and that's what he brings. Pretty lively reading for a sick man, eh? Nice things to keep up one's drooping spirits! There's 'Reflections on Death,' Dodd's 'Prison Thoughts,' the 'Deathbed Companion,' 'Hell; a Vision.' I must have a fine natural constitution to live through all this!"

I took my leave of the invalid, and, at the street-door, met Dr. Druggum, his physician, and his surgeon, Sir Shashly Cutmore, who were about to visit him. I mentioned that I had just left their patient, suffering under considerable irritation, caused by the unwelcome interference of Doleful; and ventured to express an opinion that a hint ought to be given to the

latter, of the desirableness of diminishing both the length and the frequency of his visits to the Captain.

"Hint, Sir?" said Druggem; "a hint won't do. Slight aperients will have no effect in this case: I am for administering a powerful cathartic—this Mr. Doleful must be carried off at once—*forbid the house, Sir.*"

"I am quite of Mr. Druggem's opinion," said Sir Slashy; "the Captain must instantly submit to the operation; he must consent to the immediate amputation of that Mr. Doleful, or I'll not answer for his life a week."

The next day Mr. Doleful favoured me with a visit.

"I call," said he, "to lament with you the unhappy state of 'our poor dear friend,'" and he burst into a tear.

Now, as I knew that the state of "our poor dear friend," was no worse than that of day before, I interrupted his pathos, by telling him that I was not in a lamenting mood; and, rather unceremoniously, added that it was the opinion of his medical advisers, that the state of "our poor dear friend" might be considerably improved if he, Mr. Doleful, would be less frequent in his visits, and if, when he did call upon "our poor dear friend," he would assume a livelier countenance.

"Well!—Bless my soul! this is unexpected—very unexpected. *I—! Me—!* The son of his friend—his *best* friend! Why—though I say it, had it not been for my poor departed father—[And here he burst into another tear—] I say had it not been for my poor father, the Captain might, at this moment, have been — Well; no matter—but *Me!*—how very odd! I, who sacrifice myself for the poor dear sufferer! with him, morning, noon, and night, though it afflicts me to see him—as he must perceive: he must observe how I grieve at his sufferings—he must notice how much I feel for him. Why, dear me! What interest can I have in devoting myself to him? Thank Heaven I AM NOT A LEGACY-MUNTER."

This voluntary and uncalled-for abnegation of a dirty motive, placed Mr. Doleful before me in a new light. Till that moment the suspicion of his being incited by any prospect of gain to bore "our poor dear friend" to death, had never entered my mind.

Captain Chronic lived on for a twelvemonth, during the whole of which, except the very last week, Dick Doleful, spite of remonstrance and entreaty, continued to inflict upon him his three visits *per diem*. A week before his death, the Captain, who till then occupied a sofa, took to his bed; and feeling his case to be hopeless, and conscious that he had not many days to live, he desired that his only two relations, a nephew and a niece, might be sent for, and that *they alone* should attend him to the last. Dick, greatly to his astonishment, thus excluded from the bed-chamber, still continued his daily three visits to the drawing-room. Upon the last of these occasions, so vehemently did he insist upon seeing his "poor dear friend," that, without asking the Captain's permission, he was allowed to enter his bed-room. The opening of the door awoke the Captain from a gentle slumber into which he had just before fallen. Perceiving Dick, he uttered a faint groan. Dick approached the bed-side, as usual on tip-toe; as usual he softly pressed the tip of the Captain's fore-finger; squeezed out the usual tribute of one tear; and with the usual undertaker look, and in the usual dismal tone, he said, "Well, how d'ye do now, Captain?" The Captain faintly articulated, "Dick, Dick, you've done it at last!" fell back upon his pillow, and expired!

At about ten o'clock on the same morning, Dick Doleful, looking very like an undertaker's mute, called upon me. He was dressed in black and had a deep crape round his hat. "The dear departed!" was all he uttered.

"Is it all over with the poor Captain, Mr. Doleful?"

"He's gone! Thank heaven I was with the dear departed at his last moments. If ever there was an angel upon earth —! so good, so kind, so honourable, so every thing a man ought to be. Thank heaven I did my duty towards the dear departed. This loss will be the death of me. I have'n't the heart to say more to you; besides, the will of the dear departed will be opened at twelve, and it is proper that some disinterested friend should be present at the reading. Good morning. Oh! the dear departed! But he's gone where he will get his deserts."

At about two o'clock Mr. Doleful was again announced. I observed that his hat was dismantled of the emblem of mourning, which it had so ostentatiously exhibited but a few hours before. He took a seat, remained silent for several minutes, and then burst into a flood of real, legitimate tears.

"Be composed, my dear Sir," said I; "recollect your grief is unavailing; it will not recall to life the departed."

"The departed be d—d!" exclaimed he, starting in a rage from his chair. "Thank heaven I am not a legacy-hunter, nevertheless I *did* expect — You know what I did for the old scoundrel, you know what time I sacrificed to him, you know how I have watched the hour and minute for giving the old rascal his filthy physic, and yet —! I repeat it, I am not a legacy-hunter; but I put it to you, Sir, as a man of sense, as a man of the world, as a man of honour, hadn't I a right to expect, a *perfect* right to expect — What should you have thought, Sir? I merely ask how much should you have thought?"

"Why, perhaps, a thousand pounds."

"Of course—to be sure—I am any thing but an interested man; and had he left me *that*, I should have been satisfied."

"How much, then, has he left you?"

"Guess—I only say so you guess."

"Well—five hundred?"

"Why, even *that* would have served as a token of his gratitude; it isn't as money I should have valued it; or had he left me fifty pounds for mourning, why even *that* would have been better than — But, Sir, you won't believe it; you *can't* believe it; the old villain is gone out of the world without leaving me a farthing! But I am not disappointed, for I always knew the man. So selfish, so unkind, so hard-hearted, so ungrateful, so dishonourable, so wicked an old scoundrel!— If ever there was a devil incarnate, take my word for it he was one. But he's gone where he will get his deserts." And, so saying, Exit Dick Doleful.

It is but justice to the memory of the Captain to state, that in the body of his will there had stood a clause to this effect: "To Richard Doleful, Esq. in testimony of my grateful remembrance of the services rendered me by his late father, I bequeath One Thousand Pounds." By a codicil of later date, this bequest was reduced to eight hundred; by a third, to five hundred; and so on, by others, till it was reduced to—nothing. Thus had poor Dick Doleful bored his friend out of his life, and himself out of a legacy.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

THE UNITED STATES.

FROM GOETHE.

America thou hast it better
Than our ancient hemisphere;
Thou hast no falling castles,
Nor basalt, as here.
Good luck wait on thy glorious spring,
And, when in time, thy poets sing,
May some good genius guard them all
From Baron, Robber, Knight, and Ghost traditional.

NELSONIANA.

Many striking expressions are recorded of Nelson's early years which show that he had a settled purpose of outdoing all the achievements of his naval predecessors. The common notion of sailors that one Briton is a match for three Frenchmen was deliberately adopted into his creed, and, calculating upon this advantage as the short and easy road to fame, he resolved upon enterprizes heretofore deemed impracticable. He cheerfully set his life upon the cast—"Victory, or Westminster-abbey," his favourite war-cry. An old Italian proverb says that "he who would be Pope must take it strongly into his head, and he shall be Pope." Nelson, from the moment that he first went to sea, appears to have reasoned and acted on this quaint maxim. He was determined to succeed in whatever he undertook. When he attacked the bear upon the ice, while a youngster on the frozen ocean, and when afterwards, as an Admiral, he bore down upon the French squadron at the Nile, this was the load-star that guided him to conquest. On beholding the gallant ships of the enemy, Captain Berry, in an ecstasy of delight, exclaimed—"If we succeed what will the world say?" "There's no if, in the case," replied Nelson: "that we shall succeed is certain. Who may live to tell the story is a very different question." His personal valour sometimes rose to enthusiasm, as when, with only his boat's crew, he fought the Spanish commodore hand to hand in Cadiz bay; or when, on St. Valentine's day, he boarded two of their ships of the line: yet even then it was regulated by a steady sense of duty. His was not a blind physical courage: he knew and felt the danger, but his self-possession never deserted him. At Copenhagen, during, as he often declared, the hottest engagement that he had ever witnessed, the fire of the Danish batteries was doing terrible execution on board our ships, when a shot struck the Elephant's mainmast close to him. "Warm work," said Nelson to the officer with whom he was pacing the deck; "this day may be the last to many of us in a moment—but mark me," said he, stopping short at the gangway,—“I would not be elsewhere for thousands.” Soon after this, Sir Hyde Parker became exceedingly anxious for Nelson's critical position, and made the recal signal. This being reported, Nelson, humourously putting the glass to his blind eye, said, "I can't see the signal," and directed that for close action to be kept flying. On the last day of his life his farewell to Captain Blackwood, as well as other circumstances of his conduct, showed a remarkable presentiment that he should receive his death wound in the approaching conflict: yet, under this foreboding, the cool deliberation with which he made his dispositions, and gave his orders, and watched every movement of the enemy, while exposed to a hail-storm of bullets, proved the imperturbable intrepidity of his heart. Unwearied perseverance was another striking feature of Nelson's character. Every succeeding triumph indeed was but the inspiration of a greater undertaking. "Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum." He set no value on personal comforts, nor cared for the severest privations. Public duty, while afloat, occupied

all his thoughts. For two long years he watched with cat-like vigilance the Toulon fleet, and when the French Admiral put to sea in a heavy gale, which blew Nelson off their coast, and, uniting with the Spaniards at Cadiz, sailed for the West Indies, with eighteen sail of the line, having on board four thousand troops, he pursued them thither, with ten ships only, and tracked them with such speed and sagacity through those islands that false intelligence alone saved them from his grasp. Returning to England, worn down by the unceasing anxiety and fatigue of this extraordinary chase, he had scarcely arrived at Merton, his beloved retreat near London, to enjoy a short repose, when he was roused at five in the morning by Captain Blackwood, on his way to the Admiralty with despatches. Nelson instantly exclaimed, "I am sure you bring me news of the enemy's fleet, and I shall yet give M. Villeneuve a drubbing." In three weeks from his landing he was again at Portsmouth. On resuming the command, Lord Barham, who was then at the head of the Admiralty, presented the navy-list to him, desiring him to choose his officers. "Choose yourself, my Lord," said Nelson; "they are all actuated by the same spirit; you cannot choose wrong." The offer and refusal were equally creditable to these two honourable men. Nelson's consideration for others was strongly marked at the unfortunate attack of Teneriffe. Mr. Nisbet, son of his lady by a former husband, was serving on board of Nelson's ship, the Theseus. Knowing the very desperate nature of the service in contemplation, he resolved that this young man should not accompany him, but when all was prepared, Nisbet appeared before him, equipped to take his share in it. Nelson urged him to remain on board, saying—"Should we both fall, Josiah, what will become of your poor mother? the care of the Theseus falls to you." Nisbet replied—"Sir, the ship must take care of herself. I will go with you to-night if I never go again." Providential indeed was this resolve, for Nelson lost his arm by a grape shot at the instant of landing. Nisbet raised him from the beach, bound up his wound, and by great exertions conveyed him safely under the enemy's fire. They had to pass through the drowning crew of the Fox cutter, which was just then sunk by a shot from the batteries. Nelson, though in great agony, laboured with his remaining hand to save several of these poor fellows; and when afterwards it was proposed to take him alongside of Captain Freemantle's ship, for surgical aid, he insisted on being carried forward to the Theseus, lest his sudden presence should alarm that gallant officer's wife, who happened to be on board. So little did he regard his own sufferings that in the dispatch, written with his left hand two days after the action, he made no allusion to his wound. A similar omission was observed three years before, when he lost an eye at the siege of Calvi: nor should it be forgotten that, when severely, and as he believed, mortally wounded in the battle of the Nile, the explosion of the French Admiral's ship instantly recalled him from the cockpit, whither he had been carried, and he at once forgot his own peril and anguish, while giving directions to save the re-

mains of her crew from destruction.—*Lodge's Portraits and Memoirs.*

The following lines, from the pen of a distinguished pulpit orator, were sung recently in Baltimore.—They evince a high degree of melody, and inspire noble and elevated sentiments. We publish them from the manuscript of the author, and have pleasure in being the first to present them, in the columns of a public journal:—

THE ORPHAN'S HYMN.

Air—"O no we never mention him."

Cold blew the north wind blest and wild,
The snow was on the ground,
When a poor houseless orphan child,
By charity was found.
Pale was its brow with suffering,
His hollow cheek was wan,
And plaintive was its murmuring
For parents dead and gone.

Its bitter tears were flowing fast,
Until the fount was dry,—
And when the last lone drop had past,
Came tearless agony:
Dark, dark, upon the Orphan's soul,
Earth's heaviest shadows gloomed,
And sorrows' ocean seemed to roll,
O'er one to misery doomed.

The lonely orphan longed to die,
And on its mother's breast,
Within the dreamless grave, to lie
In its eternal rest:
It longed to hear a father speak,
Though hoarse his voice in death;
It longed a mother's love to seek,
Though wasted was her breath.

Hark, voices call thee, lovely one!
Come from the searching cold;
From the chill night-wind quickly run,
Sweet lamb, within the fold;
Angelic woman's silver tone,
Now thrills within thine ear,—
And mothers, lovelier than thy own,
Are gathered round thee here.

Clothed, fed, and sheltered here at last,
Let orphan voices sing,
Of gloom and danger, overpast—
Of ended sorrowing:
Sing of celestial Charity,
Of Woman's deathless love,
Till, robed in Christ's bright purity,
You shout your praise above.

JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT.

MODESTY.—"There is no charm in the female sex that can supply the place of virtue. Without innocence beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible; good breeding degenerates into wantonness, and wit into impudence. The best preservative of female honor is female delicacy; modesty is the hand-maid of virtue, appointed to tend, to dress, to serve her; it is, as it were, a kind of armour, which the sex should always wear, to adorn and defend them; and when that is laid aside, they are neither beautiful nor safe."

From the *Lowell Journal*.

AN AFRICAN'S REVENGE.

[The following thrilling tale is translated from a passage in Eugene Sue's French novel of *ATAR GUL*. The scene is laid in Guadeloupe. It is merely necessary to premise that Atar Gul is a favorite slave, whom Colonel Willis brought from Africa several years before the event described is supposed to have taken place. Atar Gul always appeared faithful to his master, and grateful for his kindness to him—but in secret he brooded over the loss of his liberty, and resolved to be deeply revenged. Smiles shone on his countenance, but deadly hatred rankled in his heart.]

When Atar Gul had nearly reached the summit of the mountain, the sun had already risen, and the lofty heights of La Sauffriere threw their shades to a great distance across the valleys below. As he was about entering a sort of dell, formed of huge blocks of granite, which seemed to have been fantastically heaped up around, he heard a fearful sound, and stopped short—it was the sharp hiss of a serpent! He soon after heard the flapping of wings over his head, and on looking up he saw one of those birds called Secretaries, or Man of War Birds, common in tropical climates, which having already desecrated the serpent was making wide circles in the air, but approaching nearer his destined prey every moment.

The serpent seemed aware of the inferiority of his force—and was rapidly gliding towards his den, when the bird, apparently aware of his intention, descended with the rapidity of lightning, and alighted in his path—and with his large wings, which were terminated with a bony protuberance, and which served him both as a war-club and a shield, he effectually prevented the retreat of the venomous reptile.

The serpent now became enraged, and the beautiful and variegated colors of his skin, sparkled in the sun like rings of gold and azure. His head was frightfully swollen with rage and venom—he darted out his forked tongue, and filled the air with hisses.

The huge bird extended one of its wings, and with a longing eye on the serpent, advanced to the conflict, but his wary antagonist watched his movements, and with quick motions of his body to the right and left, evaded his attacks, until finding that his mode of warfare would not long avail him, he at length darted at the bird, and vainly attempted to fix his poisonous fangs in his body, and crush him in his folds. But the Secretary caught him in one of his claws, and with a furious blow of his beak, fractured his scull. The serpent struggled violently for a few moments—but resistance was useless—and he was soon stretched lifeless before his victorious enemy.

But ere the bird had time to enjoy the fruits of his victory, the report of a musket was heard, and the Secretary in his turn, lay dead by the side of his venomous antagonist. Atar Gul turned his head, and saw Theodore standing on a rock above him with a fowling piece in his hand.

"Well, Atar Gul," said the young man, sliding down from the summit of the rock—"was not that well done?"

"It was a good shot, master—but I am sorry that you have killed the bird—for these Secretaries wage war with these venomous serpents, with which our mountains are infested." And the black pointed to the reptile—which was seven or eight feet long and four or five inches in diameter.

"Ah!" exclaimed Theodore—"I regret it now—for I do detest these hideous serpents—I would give half my fortune to be able to exterminate the monsters."

"You are right master," said Atar Gul. "They are a great nuisance, and their bite almost always proves fatal."

'It is not only that,' said the young man, 'but you know that my betrothed Marguerite—whom if Heaven wills, I am to wed to-morrow, has a most unaccountable antipathy to the sight of one of those animals. Less so now, than formerly I confess—for once the name of *snake* would almost deprive her of sensation. But her father, her mother, and myself have at various times tried to conquer her silly but deep-rooted fears of these reptiles. We have tried to accustom her to the sight of them, and have often thrown them in her way after they had been killed—and then laughed at her screams of terror.'

'That is the only way to conquer her foolish antipathy, master,' said the wily African. 'In my country we thus habituate our woman and children to sights of horror. But a thought strikes me. A means presents itself of curing her of these foolish fears, if you can only be prevailed upon to adopt it.' And his eyes were for an instant lighted up with a gleam of ferocious delight. 'We will take the snake home with us. But first let us cut off his head. We cannot use too much precaution.'

'Noble fellow!' said Theodore, as he assisted Atar Gul to separate the head of the serpent from the body. 'It is a female,' whispered Atar Gul to himself, 'and the male cannot be far off.'

They proceeded towards Col. Willis's habitation—the black dragging after him the bleeding carcase of the serpent. The house in which the Colonel resided like most of the houses in that climate consisted of but one story, with wings. In one of the wings was the bed chamber of Marguerite. A piazza in front of the window, and a *jalousie*, screened the room from the devouring heat of the tropical sun.

Theodore approached the window on tiptoe—cautiously opened the *jalousie*, and looked in—Marguerite was not there. He then took the serpent from the hands of Atar Gul—who as it seemed through an excess of precaution first bruised the neck of the reptile on the window frame. Theodore hid the serpent, whose brilliant hues had already become tarnished by death, beneath the dressing table. He then retired, and closed the *jalousie*.—As he turned away he met Colonel Willis, who laughed heartily at the trick which Theodore was playing Marguerite.

The room which was appropriated was truly the asylum of innocence. The hand of a mother had been there. It was seen in all the elegant and useful furniture which had decked the apartment. The little bed, curtained with white gauze—those stuccoed walls, polished, and shining as brilliant as Parian marble—that harp and table covered with music books—that little dressing glass—those silken robes—that cress of mother of pearl—those jewelled ornaments—in a word, all those trifling things, which are so precious to a young girl, whispered a tale of Innocence, Love and Happiness.

The door opened, and Marguerite entered. She seated herself before her dressing table—but she saw not the reptile beneath it. While she arranged her hair, and essayed a ribbon, which Theodore had praised, she sang the song which she had been taught by her lover.

'To-day' soliloquized the lovely girl, 'I must try to appear as beautiful as possible. To-morrow I shall belong to another. O Theodore! with what devotion he loves me. Nothing on earth can add to my happiness.'

She approached so near the glass, to judge the effect of the ribbon, that her breath tarnished the brilliant surface of the mirror—then with her finger, she playfully and smilingly traced upon the glass the name of Theodore.

A slight noise near the window, awakened her from the delicious reverie. She turned towards it, blushing lest her dearest secret had been discovered. But

the paleness of death instantly came over her features. She convulsively threw her hands before her, and tried to rise—but she could not. Her trembling limbs refused to sustain her, and she fell back into her chair. The unhappy girl saw peering through the *jalousie* the head of an enormous serpent!

In a moment he was lost amongst the flowers, which were tastily arranged before the window. His disappearance gave new strength to Marguerite, who rushed towards the door which opened into the gallery, screaming 'Help! mother, mother, help! Here is a monstrous Serpent!'

But her parents and her lover held the door outside—and laughed at what they conceived to be her imaginary fears. 'Well done, my girl,' said Col. Willis, 'cannot you scream a little louder?'—The snake will not eat you, I'll engage—poor little thing! How frightened she appears to be!

'Marguerite—I am ashamed of you,' said her mother—'The serpent will not hurt you. It is dead.'

But her cries continued.

'My dear Marguerite,' said Theodore, 'don't be alarmed. I put it there myself—and you shall give me a kiss for my pains, sweet girl.'

Meanwhile the hideous monster left the flowers, and glided into the room. Marguerite, finding her cries for assistance of no avail, uttered a loud shriek, and fell senseless on the floor. The serpent raised its head, and for a moment seemed to be reconnoitering the apartment. But when it saw its companion dead on the floor, its eyes absolutely sparkled with rage. It sent forth a loud hiss, and advanced towards the unfortunate girl.

With a rapidity almost inconceivable, the hideous reptile twined himself around the graceful limbs and sylph-like form of Marguerite. His cold and slimy neck rested against the snowy bosom of his victim, and there he fastened his venomous fangs!

The hapless girl restored to consciousness by the agonizing pain of the wound, opened her eyes—but the first object, which met her view, was the horrid head of the reptile, swollen with rage—his eyes flashing fire—and his open mouth displaying the crooked and deadly fangs.

'Mother! Mother! O dear mother!' faintly screamed the dying girl.

But a half-suppressed laugh was the only response to her convulsive cry. The *jalousie* was slowly opened, and Atar Gul looked in at the window—his eyes glaring with malignancy and triumph!

'Elizabeth! Elizabeth!' said Mrs. Willis. 'She answers not—perhaps she has fainted with terror.'

'Silly girl!' said the Colonel. 'But we will open the door, and see what is the matter.'

Some heavy object lay against the door. He gave a violent push, and entered the chamber, followed by Mrs. Willis and Theodore. But who can paint the agony of the parents and the lover—when they found they had stumbled over the dead body of the unfortunate Marguerite.

As they entered the apartment, the Serpent was seen to glide out at the window. * * * *

HINTS TO ACTORS.—Madame Clarion attributed her growing prematurely old to the influence of the griefs and distresses which it was her constant province to represent on the stage; and the *malade imaginaire* of Moliere is said to have proved fatal not only to Moliere himself, but to the actor who succeeded him in the part. Pliny has a still more remarkable anecdote to the same effect: he states that there was an actor who imitated the feelings of the gout so naturally, as at length to bring the disorder upon him.

A well-made man always looks shorter than he is; ditto a well-made woman.

THE LAND.

"I've been upon the mountain deep, †
When the wind had died away,
And, like an ocean god asleep,
The bark majestic lay;
But lovelier is the varied scene,—
The hill, the lake, the tree,
When bathed in light of Midnight's queen—
The land! the land for me!

The glancing waves I've glided o'er,
When gently blew the breeze;
But sweeter was the distant shore—
The zephyr 'mong the trees,
The murmur of the mountain rill,
The blossoms waving free,
The song of birds on every hill—
The land! the land for me!

The billows I have been among,
When they roll'd in mountains dark,
And night her blackest curtain hung
Around our heaving bark;
But give me, when the storm is fierce,
My home and fireside glee,
Where winds may howl but dare not pierce—
The land! the land for me!

And when around the lightning flash'd,
I've been upon the deep;
And to the gulph beneath I've dash'd
Adown the liquid steep;
But now that I am safe on shore,
There ever let me be;
The sea let others wander o'er—
The land! the land for me!"

The feeling and sentiment which characterize the above beautiful effusion, are scarcely more attractive than the simplicity of style and expression, which distinguishes the following. Both are excellent articles. We regret that we are unable to name the authors.

YO HEAVE.

AIR—*The Mountain Boy.*

Oh, that I were a sailor boy,—
How happy should I be!
My boundless heart would burst with joy,
To sail the shoreless sea.
Some proud exploit I'd soon achieve,
And long and loud I'd sing—Yo heave!

Yo heave I'd sing,
A merry king—
The wild wave, sweeping by,
Would bear my song
Its course along,

To where it meets the sky.

I'd hie me to the pointing prow,
To see the eddies play;
And hanging from the vessel's bow,
Sport with the sparkling spray.
So closely to the bow I'd cleave,
A happy sailor boy—Yo heave!

Yo heave, I'd sing,
The sea would fling
Its foam about my feet;

And shrill would float
The sea-birds' note,
My loud yo heave to meet.

Then how I'd watch the white-caps curl,
By thousands coursing on,
Like bunches tied of frosted pearl,
All glittering in the sun.

The happy sight I'd only leave
To sing my thrilling song—Yo heave.

Yo heave I'd sing,
The wind should wing
My song the white caps o'er
Loud on the air
The sound should wear,
Mixed with the billows' roar.

The cordage coil, my hempen throne,
With all but I asleep,
I'd mount to watch the mirror'd moon,
Full forty fathoms deep.
I'd flourish then my tow-shirt sleeve,
Flounce on my feet and cry—Yo heave.

Yo heave I'd sing,
My voice should ring.
And rouse the sleeping crew;
Who with surprise,
Would rub their eyes,
And join the yo heave too.

And when the storm would sweep across
Old ocean's bosom blue,
Tear up the foam, the wild waves toss,
And fright the gallant crew—
Swinging aloft, the deck I'd leave,
And o'er the tempest shout—Yo heave!—

Yo heave I'd sing,
To th' tackling cling—
I vow I'd sooner ride
That reckless storm,
Than, snug and warm,
Sit by a good fire-side.

I wish I were that sailor boy,
To climb the lofty mast,
My song, Yo heave!—my light employ,
To tie the tackle fast:
Among the shrouds I'd sit and weave
A net and sing the while—Yo heave;

Yo heave I'd sing,
A merry thing,
A light and careless boy—
To mount the shrouds,
And count the clouds
And sing—You heave my joy.

TO MAKE A GOOD WIFE UNHAPPY.—See her as seldom as possible. If she is warmhearted and cheerful in temper; or if, after a day's or week's absence, she meets you with a smiling face, and in an affectionate manner—be sure to look coldly upon her, and answer her with monosyllables. If she force back her tears and is resolved to look cheerful, sit down and gape in her presence till she is fully convinced of your indifference. Never think you have any thing to do to make her happy; but that her happiness is to flow from gratifying your caprices; and when she has done all a woman can do, be sure you do not appear gratified.—Never take an interest in any of her pursuits, and if she asks your advice, make her feel that she is troublesome and importunate. If she attempts to rally you good humoredly, on any of your peculiarities, never join in the laugh, but frown her into silence. If she has faults, (which without doubt she will have, and perhaps may be ignorant of,) never attempt with kindness to correct them, but continually obtrude upon her ears, 'what a good wife Mr. Smith has.' 'How happy Mr. Smith is with his wife.' 'That any man would be happy with such a wife.' In company never seem to know you have a wife; treat all her remarks with indifference, and be very affable and complaisant with every other lady. If you follow these directions, you may be certain of an obedient and a heart-broken wife.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

THE REJECTED ONE!

'Cruel, cruel fate!' said the young Augustus Blenkinsop, dropping a tear into the empty porter mug, 'wherefore dost thou torment me thus? I have a prepossessing leg, inimitable tie, and a mind far above buttons—yet I was born to disappointment! Evil, thrice evil, is the fate that dogs the representative of the Blenkinsops; thou art rejected of men.'

The eyes of Stoker gleamed with the intelligence of those of a deceased mackerel.

'Help yourself,' said Stoker, with emphasis, replenishing the pot with Henry Meux's best XX.

'Kindest of men,' cried Blenkinsop, 'love may perish, but friendship never dies!' The pot not being born beneath the same horoscope with the speaker, was not rejected.

'Come, Blenkinsop, my boy,' said Fawcitt, filling his pipe, so long faces here. Let's have a song—or pose you up as a bit of autobiography. Waiter—another quart of stout—remember what the great Dr. Watts says:

'Wo is the child of thought, and kin to fear,
One yields to pipes, but both must yield to beer!'

'My sorrows,' answered Blenkinsop, can yield to neither. O, Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia! well hast thou said—

'O, curse Seged,' said Fawcitt, 'let's have none of him.'

'Certainly not,' said Stoker.

'Well, then, friends, listen and be dumb—but first, I'll trouble you, Stoker, for the other mug? A deep silence followed, broken only by the protracted breathing of Augustus at his draught, until, having riveted his eyes for a moment on the bottom of the pewter, he set it down with a sigh, and proceeded.

'Need I tell you that I am the only son and heir of Reginald Nicodemus Blenkinsop of Dot-and-go-one Hall, County Somerset—that his father was—

'We know all that already,' interrupted Stoker.

'Rash young man!' said Blenkinsop, with solemnity—the blood of a hundred sires burns within me—but I forgive you. You know I was born with considerable expectations—that godlike fortune seemed to welcome me from the heavens for a time, appeared to smile benignantly on the scion of an ancient stem. In the words of the poet—

'O'd—n the poet!' shouted Fawcitt.

'Certainly,' said Stoker.

Blenkinsop looked sternly.

'Alas,' said he, 'those were the last hours of unadulterated happiness that I ever enjoyed. I went to the University—I studied hard—I bought an alarm clock—eschewed wine parties—proctors revered me—my tutor smiled upon me—my acquaintance cut me—I read my degree—I stood the examinations—heavens and earth, I was rejected.'

The two friends exchanged looks of astonishment, though in a peculiar fashion.

'Next morning, I was far from Oxford.—Rouse thee, O Augustus exclaimed I to myself,' and let not this misfortune overwhelm thee. The Spartan mother shed no tears over her departed son, and why shouldst thou mourn for a paltry degree? No! rather like my sires of old, will I take my father's sword from the wall and go forth against the enemies of my country to conquer or to die! So saying, I lit a cigar. The Blenkinsops have always voted with ministers; I had interest at head quarters; I was promised a commission, and I at once purchased my regimentals, and let my mustachios increase. 'Never,' cried the enraptured, though alas! suffering tailor, as he gazed upon the martial figure that issued from his hand all scarlet and gold, 'never seed I gentleman yet looked better! And he spake aright. I felt then within my bosom

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the ardor which lighted up, as with a spell the soul of Anthony, and drove Themistocles to the combat; and I called to mind the glorious saying of Miltiades, 'Towards die many times, but a brave man never dies!'. A prolonged whistle issued from the lips of the petrified Fawcitt.

Stoker squinted with a horrible obliquity of vision. Blenkinsop sighed.

'My evil destiny again interposed. That very evening I received a letter from the War Office. Fire and steel! what did I behold! Cruel Hobhouse! Relentless Hill! Implacable Wellington! My application was rejected!'

I fixed my useless sabre in the wall, and returning to the other end of my apartment, prepared to die like Cato; but the carpet caught by my spurs, and I fell prostrate to the ground. I arose an altered man, and sitting calmly down, I drank deeply of thought, and brandy and cold water without. After all, said I, war is a savage pastime; the soldier is but a hireling. So saying I drew another cork. Life, I resumed, is but short, thou knowest well, O immortal Flaccus!

'Oh, confound Flaccus!' said Fawcitt.

'Certainly,' said Stoker.

'Yet despair not, Blenkinsop! Thou wert formed to shine in the court, and not in the camp; surely there is many a beautiful maiden, saturate with silver, who would be proud to be called Mrs Augustus Blenkinsop!'

'Miss Emily Pelican was both rich and beautiful; she had the figure of a Cleopatra, and the mind of a Sappho! She had published a volume of poetry, called "The Undespising one of Kamtskatka," and she had two thousand a year. Her hair was of the hue of sunset, a rich and glorious crimson, and her eyes were of a pale ethereal green. The first moment I saw her, I loved her, and hope whispered me that she was my affianced bride. I gave a *post obit* to a wealthy Shylock, Manasseh Ben Melchirdeek, who at cent per cent, furnished the supplies. Sturdy again suffered, and I sported a cab. The sweet Emily received me favorably, and I won the good will of her maiden aunt, by escorting her once to church.

Fawcitt thrust his tongue into his cheek; and Stoker significantly elongated his outstretched hands, resting his left thumb upon his nose. The very bars of the grate grinned. I sat with my beloved in the same box at the Opera. I was her partner at balls, her attendant every where, and I thought at last I could discover the symptoms of a reciprocal attachment. The crisis was approaching—bills came fast pouring in, therefore love must be confessed.

One day she was reclining on an ottoman, caressing a corpulent poodle, while I lay in the attitude of the Dying Gladiator. Tenderly, yet impressively I seized her hand, and modulating my voice to its lowest and most musical tone, I ventured to say, "Emily! sweet Emily! do you love?"

A roseate blush overspread her countenance. "Spa'ce me, Augustus!" she murmured. "Ah! dost thou confess the soft enslaver?" said I, starting to my feet. "O thou terrestrial seraph! speak—tell me—will you wed?" A blush still deeper than before dyed her burning cheek. Gates of Paradise!—and when? In half audible accents she whispered, "Wednesday!"

I seized her hand again; O Cupid! fairest denizen of Olympus! What do I owe thee for this—Wednesday! Sweet, sweet Emily! adored Miss Pelican! On that propitious day shall I lead you to the altar! On that day shall I place the sacred ring upon—

She started with a look of astonishment—"You lead me to the altar, on Wednesday I am to be married to Captain Ferdinand Fitzpurs!"

My brain spun round—a red gleam of fire flashed before my eyes—a bolt of ice quivered in my heart—I staggered and reached the street, I know not how.

O the agony of that moment! I feel it even now—my heart—my brain—my soul! O Stoker—O Faucitt—how hard it was again to be rejected!"

"Werry," said Faucitt.

"Werry," reverberated Stoker. And he grinned like a bag of nails.

I rushed home like a demon. Fury was in my heart, and I kicked over a stall of oranges—I reached my lodgings and entered my room—amongst an infinity of bills lay a packet, carefully sealed—was it a remittance from my relenting father—I seized—I opened it—madness! my two last articles from the Monthly Magazine, *rejected!* O friends do you not pity me!—

"I do, pon my credit," said Faucitt. The interesting youth had just emerged from the Insolvent Court.

"I do, pon honor," said Stoker. He had been horsewhipped at Epsom, for cheating at a thimble-rig.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.—General Mercer of Virginia, at a dinner recently given him by his constituents, related the following anecdote.

Entering the same valley eight years after, by a new road leading to a point higher up, called then the Loup—it was in the autumn of 1812—I met a man, second to but one who ever fought the battles, or enlightened the councils of our country, either State or National. He wore, I well remember, as is his custom, shoes instead of boots, and had his ancles bound around, for some distance up, with thongs of papaw-bark, to guard them from the bite of the rattle-snake, and his beard had been unshaven for many days. He had walked ahead of his companions, and was awaiting as I had been for a day or two, the arrival of the James River boat in which, as a commissioner of the State, he was about to complete the most dangerous part of an obstructed navigation, if navigation it could be called, which he had steadily prosecuted for a distance of eighty miles, along the Greenbriar and New River, towards the Falls of Kanawha.

I saw him afterwards, for many nights in succession, pluck the twigs & leaves off the branches of the neighboring trees, to make his bed in the tent, beneath which we slept, on a surface rarely, if ever, even enough to rest without pain. With no human abode in sight for ten days together, and for a part of that time without other subsistence, he made his morning and evening beverage of tea of the *sassafras*, growing in the adjacent thickets, and bread of the remaining husks of the meal which had already been sifted.

This person, it seems, was Marshall, then and ever since, Chief Justice of the United States.

MARRIAGE IN LAPLAND.

It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment to a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet, to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed, in starting, the advantage of the third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except voluntarily, that she should be overtaken. If the maid out-run her suitor, the matter is ended; she must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the proposal of marriage. But if the maid has an affection for him, though at first she runs hard, to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atalanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she come to the mark or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own wills; and this is the cause that in Lapland the married people are richer in their contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness.

AMUSING ANECDOTE OF KEAN.

By T. C. Gratten, Esq.

He had never, I believe, yet disappointed a London audience, but on one occasion the circumstances of this one he often related to me. He had gone to dine somewhere about ten miles from town, with some few friends of his early days, players, of course, fully intending to be at the theatre in time for the evening's performance. But temptation and the bottle were too strong for him; he outstayed his time, got drunk, and lost all recollection of Shakspeare, Shylock, Drury Lane, and the duties they entailed on him. His friends, frightened at the indiscretion they had caused, despatched Kean's servant, with his empty chariot, and a well-framed story, that the horses had been frightened near the village where Kean had dined, at a flock of geese by the road-side, that the carriage was upset, and the unfortunate tragedian's shoulder dislocated. The story was repeated from the stage by the manager; and the rising indignation of the audience (who had suffered the entertainments to be commenced by the farce) was instantly calmed down into commiseration and regret.

The following morning Kean was shocked and bewildered at discovering the truth of his situation. But how must his embarrassment have been increased on learning that several gentlemen had already arrived from town to make anxious inquiries for him? He jumped out of bed, and, to his infinite affright, he saw amongst the carriages those of Sir F. Burdett, Mr. Whitehead, and others of his leading friends, whose regard for him brought them to see his situation in person. Luckily for him, his old associates, the actors, had, with great presence of mind and practised effrontery, carried on the deception of the previous night. The village apothecary lent himself to it, and, with a grave countenance, confirmed the report; and Kean himself was obliged to become a party, *volens volens*, in the hoax. His chamber was accordingly darkened, his face *whitened*, and his arm bandaged. A few of the most distinguished inquirers were admitted to his bed-side; no one discovered the cheat; and to crown it completely, he appeared, in an incredible short time, on the boards of Old Drury again, the public being carefully informed that his respect and gratitude towards them urged him to risk the exertion, notwithstanding his imperfect convalescence, and go through the arduous parts of Richard, Macbeth, and Othello, on three successive nights, with his arm in a sling!

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.—Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake Nov. 1st, 1755. On the 18th of the same month, the most violent shock of the same nature recorded in the annals of this continent, was felt through the whole of this country, but particularly in the section extending from Halifax to Chesapeake Bay. The direction was from northwest to southwest—the time of commencement about 11 minutes before 4 o'clock in the morning. Our old historians tell us, that the excitement occasioned by it was such as to cause the houses of public worship to be frequented and filled by all orders of people. The 23d of December following was, in consequence of it, observed as a day of humiliation and prayer.

We have before us, at this moment, a Lecture read in the Chapel of Harvard College, on the 26th of the month, "on occasion of the great earthquake which shook New England the week before," by John Winthrop, Esq. Hollisian Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy. The learned gentleman says, that the shock lasted four minutes, and the greatest violence of it half that time. "He forbore to rise [from his bed] because the agitation was so vehement, that he concluded it would be difficult, if not impracticable, to go from the bed to the chimney, without being thrown

down." The windows continued rattling for a minute or two.

In endeavoring to prove that it began with a horizontal motion of the earth, he refers to the dashing of liquors over the sides of open vessels, the oversetting many things in houses, and the throwing of bricks from off the tops of chimneys to some distance. In order, he says, to estimate the velocity with which some were thrown from his chimney, he measured the greatest distance on the ground to which any of them reached, and found it to be thirty feet. The height of the chimney from which they were thrown was thirty-two feet. That the vibrations of buildings, and especially of the higher parts of them, were, in fact, extremely swift, appeared from some facts, which had come to his knowledge, as the bursting of a distiller's cistern by the agitation of the liquor in it, and the breaking off the spindle of the vane on Faneuil Hall, in Boston. This spindle was a pine stick, of about five inches in diameter at the place where it was snapped off, and ten feet high; the weight of the vane on the top of it was about thirty pounds. He mentions also the bending of the windvanes on some high places. One at Boston was bent at its spindle, three or four points of the compass; and another, at Springfield, was bent to a right angle.

From the New York Mirror.

ACHERON, OR RIVER OF HELL.—This celebrated river of antiquity, rises in Moleisia, in Greece, flows through Thesprotia, and after passing through the Acherusian lake, falls into the sea, near the Cimmerion promontory, a little below Parga. It is known in modern geography by the name of the Souli river, and the gloominess of its scenery accords well with the fancied horrors of Tartarus. Homer called it, from the dead appearance of its waters, one of the rivers of hell; and the fable has been adopted by all succeeding poets.

"The sad infernal stream, the moat of hell,
Where dire chimeras and the furies dwell;
Where sportive fish were never seen to play,
Nor water-nymphs to keep their holiday;
The joyless lake, whose dark and dismal wave,
Rolls sullen onward, gloomy as the grave."

ADONIS, THE BEAUTIFUL.—This celebrated youth, who was very fond of hunting, was the favourite of Venus. In the pursuit of his favourite amusement, he received a mortal bite from a wild bear, which he had wounded, and Venus, to testify her affection, changed him into a beautiful flower, called the anemone. The word properly signifies wind-flower, because it is supposed to open only when the wind blows. Proserpine is said to have restored Adonis to life, on condition that he should spend six months with her, and the rest of the year with Venus. This implies the alternate return of summer and winter.

"The beauteous youth, on whom the queen of love
Propitious smiled—who, in the sylvan grove,
Received his death-wound from the fanny bear,
His snowy limbs all dyed with crimson gore."

AURORA MORNING.—This goddess is generally represented by the poets, drawn in a rose-coloured chariot, and opening with her rosy fingers the gates of the east—pouring the dew upon the earth, and making the flowers grow. Her chariot is generally drawn by white horses, and she is covered with a veil—Darkness and Sleep (Nox and Somnus) fly before her, and the constellations of heaven disappear at her approach. She precedes the Sun, and is the herald of his rising.

— "The blushing goddess which doth away

The dewy confines of the night and day;

—Who from the glowing east displays

Her purple doors, and odoriferous bed,

With bright dew-dropping rosga thickly spread;

Which as she in her lightsome chariot rides,
Scatters the light from off her saffron wheels."

BACCHUS, THE GOD OF WINE, ETC.—This jovial deity, is said to be son of Jupiter and Semele. He was the Oaisir of the Egyptians, from whom the fables respecting him were taken by the Greeks. He is generally represented crowned with vine and ivy leaves, with a thyrsus in his hand. His figure is that of an effeminate young man, to denote the joy which commonly prevails at feasts; and sometimes that of an old man, to teach us that wine, taken immoderately, will enervate us, consume our health, render us loquacious and childish like an old man, and unable to keep secrets. Bacchus is sometimes represented like an infant holding a thyrsus and cluster of grapes with a horn. He often appears naked, and riding upon the shoulder of Pan, or in the arms of Silenus, who was his foster-father. He also sits upon a celestial globe, bespangled with stars, and is then the same as the Sun or Oaisir of Egypt. He is sometimes drawn in a chariot by a lion and a tiger. His beauty is compared to that of Apollo; and, like him, he is represented with fine hair loosely flowing down his shoulders. He has been called,

"God of the cheering vine, who holds in awe

The spotted lynxes which his chariot draw.

— "The dimpled son

Of Semele, that crown'd upon his tun,

Sits with his grapy chaplets."

Secret of living always easy.—An Italian bishop having struggled through great difficulties without complaining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal functions, without ever betraying the least impatience, an intimate friend of his, who highly admired those virtues which he conceived it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could tell him the secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my secret, and will do it very readily. It consists in nothing more than in making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain. "Most willingly," said the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind the space I shall shortly occupy in it; I then look abroad into the world and observe what multitudes there are who in all respects have more cause to be unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or complain."

SENTENCES FROM HORACE.

No one is born without vices, and he is the best man who is encumbered with the least.

It is but fair that he who entreats a pardon for his faults, should be ready to grant one in his turn.

As soon as age shall have strengthened your limbs and mind, you may swim without a cork.

It is of no consequence of what parents any man is born, so that he be of merit.

Let there be some end to your searching after riches, and since you have more than enough, be in less dread of poverty.

All, but especially the covetous, think their condition the hardest.

He who is always in a hurry to be wealthy and immersed in the study of augmenting his fortune, has lost the arms of Reason and deserted the post of virtue.

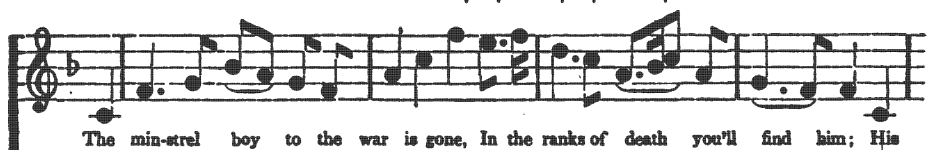
The friendship of great men is a laudable acquisition, yet their favors are ever to be solicited with modesty and caution.

Death is the ultimate boundary of human matters.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

AS SUNG BY MRS. WOOD—WRITTEN BY THOMAS MOORE.

Andante vivace.



The min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His



fa-ther's sword he has gird-ed on, And his wild harp along be-hind him.



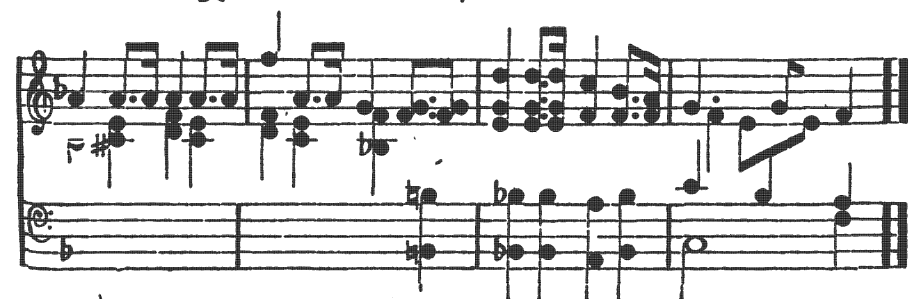
Tr. *Thunder.*



"Land of song:" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee, One



sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee."



2 .

The minstrel fell: but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chord asunder;
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery:
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery."

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

THE FAIR SEX.

When Eve brought *us* to all mankind,
Old Adam call'd her *see-man*;
But when she *woo'd* with love so kind,
He then pronounced her *see-man*.

But now with folly, and with pride,
Their husbands keenly trimming,
The ladies are so full of *whims*,
The people call them *whim-men*.

A CANDID TUTOR.—When I first went to Cambridge, says Horace Walpole, I was to learn mathematics of the famous blind professor Sanderson. I had not frequented him a fortnight before he said to me, "Young man, it is cheating you to take your money; believe me, you never can learn these things; you have no capacity for them."

REFINEMENT.—A lady went into a dame-school not long ago, in an adjoining county, and seeing a little girl at work, asked her what she was making. The child dropped a curtsy, and replied, "A Hemise, ma'am." "A what?" said the lady, "why it looks like a shirt!" "Yes, ma'am," rejoined the little work-woman, "only Governess says we ought to say Hemises for these, the same as Shermises for the others."

"A MAGPIE'S CUNNING.—A gentleman who had a magpie told me that having stolen many articles, he watched him narrowly, and at length he was seen by him gathering pebbles, with much solemnity, and dropping them into a hole about 18 inches deep made to receive a line post. After dropping every stone he cried 'carach' triumphantly, and set off for another. Making himself sure that he had found the object of his search, the gentleman went to the place and found in the hole a poor toad which the magpie was stoning for his amusement."—*Book of the Seasons*.

INCONVENIENCE OF DEFECTIVE EYES.—A clergyman formerly of this town, who was in the habit of *exchanging* often, in the course of his parochial duties, one day called upon a venerable old lady, a member of his church, who had *poor eyes*. At first he indulged in the usual kind enquiries about her health, and then after the different members of her family, but all the while he observed she looked somewhat vacant and surprised. At length she exclaimed, "I don't seem to recollect who you are." "You don't go to meeting often, I'm afraid," said he, "or you would at once know who I am." "Yes I do," she replied, "but I'm quite certain I never see you there!"—*Northampton Courier*.

CONFESSION OF AN IRISH PEASANT.—Luke M. Geoghan being at confession, owned among other things that he had stolen a pig from Tim Carrol. The priest told him he must make restitution; Luke couldn't—how could he, when he had eaten it long ago? Then he must give Tim one of his own. No; Luke didn't like that—it wouldn't satisfy his conscience, it wouldn't be the downright identical pig he stole. Well, the priest said, if he wouldn't, he'd rue it, for that the *corpus delictum*, Tim's pig, would be brought forward against him at his final reckoning. "You don't mane that, father?" Indeed but the father did. "And may be Tim himself will be there too?" "Most certainly," "Och, then, why bother about the trifle this side the grave? If Tim's there, and the pig's there, sure I can make restitution to him *then* you know."—*Monthly Magazine*.

Some years since, a fellow from the city was traversing through Vermont, exhibiting a large collection of wax figures, among the monstrosities of which were Queen Caroline, Bergami, Lieut. William H. Allen, (killed by pirates,) Aaron Burr, shooting Hamilton. "The foremost man" went around the hall explaining the various figures, and on coming to this, exclaimed, "This, ladies and gentlemen, is Aaron Burr, Vice President of the United States, in mortal combat with the immortal Hamilton; and then lifting to the ceiling an eye teeming with the inspiration of bards of the Olden Time, he broke forth in the inimitable style of Orator Pop Emmons, with:

Oh, Burr! Burr! what hast thou done?
Thou hast shooted dead great Hamilton!!
You got right behind a bunch of thistles,
And shooted him dead with a pair of horse pistols!

"A man had a young wife—took into his head to be jealous of a friend—no cause, dare say. Was going from home one day—meant to tell her to avoid company of said friend, but by good luck asked advice of another—sensible man—knew better—said never do that!—way to make her think of him, it never did before—*women do say thing tell not*. Try her—tell her be sure not to ride upon old Towler, great savage watch dog, while you are absent—see what'll happen."

"Husband took friend's advice—gave particular orders not to ride dog—wife stared, laughed, promised—never dreamt of such a thing—afraid of dog too—soon he thought of riding a *dragen*, if hadn't been told not. Husband gone, went to look at Towler directly—gave him bones—got friendly by degrees—scratched his head—patted his back—lost all fear—got a *straddle*—had a tumble—scratched her face—no hiding that—when husband came back, laid all the blame on him—said she fancied dog-riding must have been something very pleasant, or would not have been denied to her!"

When Andrew Dunlap, Mayor of the good old city of Dundee, died, his executors resolved to appropriate to their own peculiar benefit, the provision contained in a Codicil which bequeathed to the framer of an epitaph which should be endorsed upon his tomb-stone the good round sum of thirty pounds Scotch. The executors wisely concluded that, to entitle them to an equal division of "the spoils," the epitaph should be the joint product of their united inspiration; and consequently, they (there were three of them) voted, that an epitaph, proper, should consist in a well arranged *triplet*; and *therefore*, under the peculiarities of the case, it was quite proper that each executor should contribute a line *ex tempore*. Under his equitable arrangement, they commenced their poetic operations. The first eked out his line thus:

"Andrew Dunlap, Mayor of Dundee."

The second, under a solemn sense of the recent, afflicting dispensation of Providence which had deprived Dundee of a civil head, continued:

"Andrew Dunlap, died did he,"

And the third, in pious agony, capped the mournful climax with:

"Hallelujah! Hallelujee!"

Trust not the world, for it never payeth that i promiset.—*Augustin*.

True wit consists in retrenching all useless discourse, and in saying a great deal in a few words.

A man may play the fool with every thing else, but with poetry:

—Neither men, nor gods, nor pillars meant

Poets should ever be indifferent.

I would to heaven this sentence was writ over the door of all our printers, to forbid the entrance of so many rhymers.—*Montaigne*.

A green wight, of green Erin, was sent to a druggist's store, to procure honey, but when arrived there he had forgotten his errand. Being somewhat disconcerted, he looked about him to discover wherewith he might refresh his memory. "Do you wish any thing?" inquired the druggist.

Pat. "Sure, and so I do, but I'm not thinkin how to spake it now jist."

Druggist. "Can't you think of something that sounds like it, or looks like it?"

Pat. "Ay, that I can, and do ye know them ere little varmintes, bad luck to their mother's children, what bites so sharp with their tails?" Pill was puzzled, and for the life of him he could not think what Paddy wanted. So he called on his wife to obviate his difficulty. "Honey," said he, "Honey, come here and—"

"Och, by ——" said Pat, interrupting him, "that's jist what I want!"

A countryman, a short time ago, on being liberated from St. Augustine's gaol, walked into a neighbouring ale-house and asked for a pint of beer, informing the landlord, at the same time, he had no money, but that, if he would furnish the supply, he would tell him some thing greatly to his advantage. Boniface hesitated, but finding the man's countenance to wear an honest sort of appearance, placed before him a "tankard of mild." A few minutes elapsed, and the beer had vanished, and with it my host's patience, for he eagerly demanded the promised information. "Hark ye," responded the newly released delinquent, "If you should be unfortunate enough to get on the tread-mill, the easiest birth is against the wall."—*Kentish Chren.*

A SEARCHING OPERATION.—"Billy, my dear, where have you been, at this time of night, to get your shirt turned wrong side afore?" "Been, mother!—been to an auction, where a man lost his pocket book; and they shut the doors, and searched us all from head to feet; that's how I got my shirt turned,—glad to clear out any how—staid two hours, and they had'nt half stript when I left 'em."

PAINFUL MINUTIA.—Requesting a lady, who is the bearer of a squint, to oblige you for a moment by looking at you, in order to catch a peculiar expression, when she, half surprised and half angry, wondering at his stupidity, exclaims, "Why, indeed, sir, I have been looking at you this half-hour." Hearing a person say, "Well, to be sure, if it wasn't for the face, I should think that was meant for Miss E."—it being intended for that identical person. Painting an old gentleman, who the first hour grins and chuckles you out of all patience, and then, by way of making amends, falls asleep the second.—*Le Studio.*

A SHARP TURN.—Spiller, the celebrated comedian came forward one Saturday to announce a benefit. He began his address, "ladies and gentlemen, to-morrow evening." Here a voice from the pit of the theatre cried out—"to-morrow, Oh! Mr. Spiller, you forget to-morrow will be Sunday." "I know it," replied the droll—"ladies and gentlemen, to-morrow evening a charity sermon will be preached in the church of St. Andrew's, Holborn, for the benefit of fifty poor boys, and as many girls of that parish, and on Monday evening the comedy of the Busy Body will be performed in this theatre for the benefit, &c."

A person once said to a father whose son was noted for laziness, that he thought his son was very much afraid of work.—"Afraid of work?" replied the father, "not at all, he will lie down and go to sleep close by the side of it."

A gentleman paying his addresses to a young lady, the daughter of a wealthy planter, and of course entitled to the honour of being very accomplished, inquired of her if she was not lonesome, there being no society in the neighbourhood, and how she spent her time; she replied she was not lonesome; that she amused herself in reading and writing. He asked her whether she was most fond of writing prose or poetry. "Nary one," says she, "I writes small hand."

SYMPATHY.

By Bishop Heber.

A Knight and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O never was Knight such a sorrow that bore!
O never was maid so deserted before!
From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company!"

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;
"How tiresome it is," said the fair, with a sigh,
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight,
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height;
"One mournful embrace!" sobbed the youth, "ere we die!"

So kissing and crying kept company.

"O had I but loved such an angel as you!
O had but my swain been a quarter as true!
To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"
Sure now they were excellent company.

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear,
"The weather is cold for a watery bier;
When summer returns we may easily die,
Till then let us sorrow in company."

The common superstition or the death-watch is thus noticed in "Howitt's Book of the Seasons."—"The peculiar noise which this little beetle makes by beating its head against the wood it inhabits, has been regarded amongst the superstitious as an omen of death. It is generally in April and May when its knockings are most frequent; and it is now generally understood to be a signal by which they are enabled to find each other in their dark labyrinth. If two of them are placed in separate pill boxes, at a short distance, they will frequently answer each other for a considerable time.

ANECDOTE.—The crooked streets of Boston are proverbial. Not many years since, says the New Bedford Gazette, the town of — sent a new Representative to the General Court who had never been in that city of tortuosities. He started at the usual time, for the capital, to watch over the interests of his constituents, who were not a little surprised at seeing him back in less than a fortnight after he set out. On being asked the cause of his return, he replied, that he "staid in the city ten days—wore out his boots—eat up all his bread and cheese—could'nt find the State House; and so he thought it was best to return and report progress!"

SCOTCH WIT.—Two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies, from the same little clachan, happened to be stationed near each other, when the celebrated intimation was displayed from the admiral's ship.—"Look up, and read you Jock," said the one to the other;—"England expects every man to do his duty;" not a word free pair auld Scotland on this occasion."

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE BASHFUL LOVER.

She is the fairest of the fair,
The gayest of the gay;
Her brow is smooth and free of care,
And her eyes, are bright as day.
I've look'd on her with passion's glow,
And oh! I love her well,
And I've often wish'd to tell her so,
But I've yet the tale to tell.

I've often held her pretty hand,
And thought I'd tell her then;
But could not, thoughts or speech command,
And swore I'd try again:
I'd conu'd a speech of love sincere,
And thought I'd speak it well;
But when my lips, approach'd her ear,
I'd yet the tale to tell.

She ask'd me, "do you love the girls?"
I blush'd—I know I did;
And like some rude and witless dunce,
Hung down my throbbing head.
"Dear Jane," said I, "you long have known—
Or must have known it well—"
And there I paused, and gave a groan,
I'd yet the tale to tell—

One day I met her all alone,
Within a shady grove,
And thought as others oft had done,
"This is the place for Love."
I grasp'd her hand, and said, "Dear Jane,
I hope to meet you well!"
"Indeed!" said she—my speech was vain—
I'd yet the tale to tell.

My faithless tongue—I must complain,
Deceives me every week;
For, "Dearest Love—I love you Jane!"
Is all I want to speak—
"Twill talk of any thing but that,
The winter's eve quite well;
But when I rise, and take my hat,
I've something yet to tell.

LISLE.

From the Boston Morning Post.

ANSWER

To a Lady who requested me to restore her love letters in consequence of a pique.

"Geese, villain?"—*Macbeth*.
Restore all your letters bewitching?
Nay, dearest, that cannot well be—
The cook, long ago, in the kitchen,
Singed the goose with the papers, you see,
Then the flames that you wrote of, in flame
Ascended the chimney above,—
Since the cook had no billets of wood,
I gave her the billets of love.

Aye, sweet—and the goose tasted sweeter—
Your sauce has come rather too late—
The onion you used in your weeping
Had better have graced my plate.
To see your rhetorical flowers
By Genesee flour outdone,
Your grave things eclipsed by the gravy;
I vow; was the best of the fun.

When I was in love, or pretended
To be so, my sweetest of girls,
Recollect you were never offended
When I played with your clustering curls,
Your letters—a scullion might use 'em;
But how did you manage with mine?
I know they were warmed by your bosom,
And read fifty times, every line.

Grieve not for your sweets; "to such uses,"
Hamlet tells us, "we all came at last"
The goose has been singed, cooked and eaten,
The hour of dinner is past.
But even if all should be known,
My awful transgressions be proved,
Your notes but inflamed the wrong goose,
And not the right gander you loved.

LOVE'S INFLUENCES.

Love—what a curious, comical thing it is,
Pleasing, and teasing, and vexing us so,
Just like a bee with its honey and sting, it is
Here and 'tis there, and wherever we go.

Now, it is courting, transporting, and thrilling us,
Nothing in nature can equal our bliss;
Now it is frowning, and chilling, and killing us,
Plunging us down to the lowest abyss.

Then of a night, how it sets us a dreaming, O!
Misses and kisses flit over the brain,
Gay dresses, bright tresses, caresses, all seeming so
Real and true that we waken with pain.

Sometimes pathetic, jocose, metaphysical,
Various aspects and manners it wears,
The pretty and witty, the solemn and quizzical,
All have their part of its pleasures and cares.

When a mere boy—say some five or six years ago—
One roguish girl played the mischief with me;
What with her smiling, beguiling, and tears you know,
Soon was I a pitiful object to see.

O how delightful and frightful! to walk with her,
Down to the church that stood towering hard by;
And then while I tarried, unable to talk to her,
Eyeing and sighing and dying was I.

Then what a quarrel—I tremble to think of it,
Little was left me of life and of hope,
If not in despair I was just on the brink of it,
Often I thought of a razor or rope.

Ghost-like I wandered for weeks by a lonely brook,
Shaded by woods, from society free;
Then, fixed on the earth, my glazed eye-balls would
Only look
Up, when my head struck the limb of a tree.

Parents and kindred cried, "What is the matter, dear?
Duly and truly your feelings impart."
"Ah me!" I replied, with a groan, "such a clatter here,"
Putting my hand where I once had a heart.

Well, sure enough, it was tough, but I bore it all;
Years of adventures have since passed away,
But yet in good truth I have hardly got o'er it all,
Queer I appear as the most of folks say.

Pardon my folly, kind, generous editors,
Thus to be whining and rhyming about
What [publish it, then you'll be greatly my creditors]
Scarcely we live *with* and can't live *without*.

If a man borrows a shilling from you, and on being
dunned pretends to have forgotten it, you may with
considerable safety set him down as a liar.

On the Coldness of my Love.

My love—a steam-boat I will prove her,
And I'm the paddle-wheels so wide—
With all my power I strive to move her,
Yet, like those wheels, I'm put aside.

A lady's album is generally worth looking at, as a
psychological curiosity, indicative, to a considerable
extent, of the taste and feeling of its owner.

MEDALLION HEAD OF NAPOLEON TO NATALIE & MARIA LUDICA.



Engraved by Machinery from the Medal executed by Audrieu.

Published by S. C. Benson for the Cashier.